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THE
SELECTED AND MODERN,
TRANSLATED INTO
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. XII.

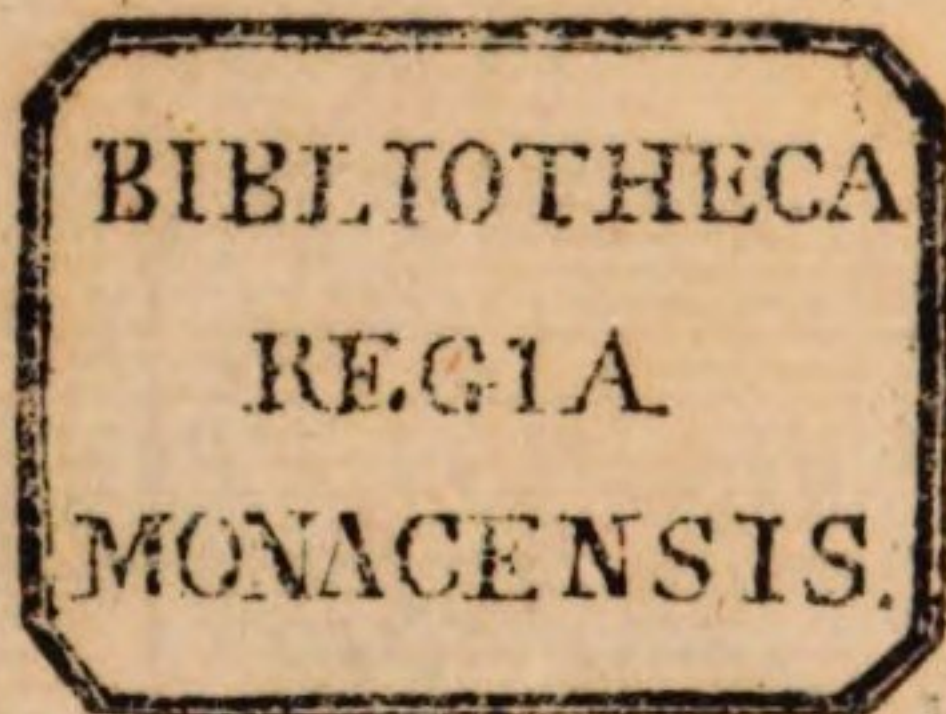
E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

T H E

BRITISH POSTS.



EDINBURGH

Printed for A. Kincaid and W. Creech,

and J. Ballantyne,

MDCCLXXIII.

F A B L E S,
ANCIENT AND MODERN;

TRANSLATED INTO

V E R S E,

FROM

HOMER, OVID, BOCCACE,
AND CHAUCER:

WITH

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

VOLUME IV.

Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis
(Haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine divum)
Adsumus. VIRG. Æn. lib. 5.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

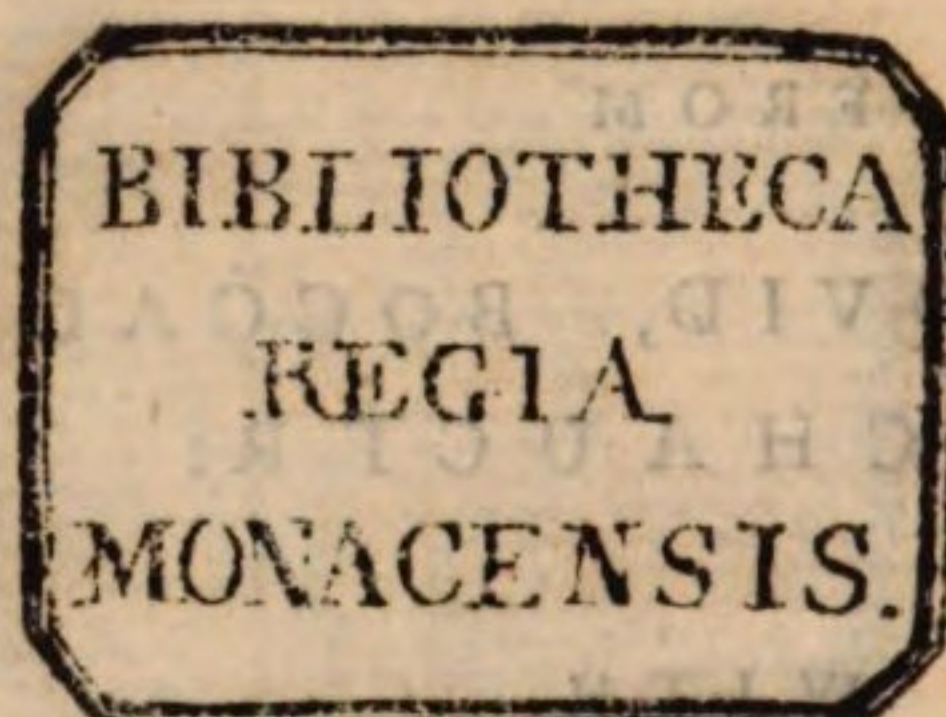
M, DCC, LXXIII.

F A B L E S

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

TRANSLATED INTO

V E R S E S



ROMAN
AND

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

VOLUME IV.

Adversus. Virg. Aeneid. 2.
(Handwritten in the margin, near the bottom of the page.)

E D I N B U R G H :

Printed for A. KERR and W. GARRICK,

and J. BALFOUR.

MDCCLXXIII.

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
T HE Cock and the Fox: Or, The tale of the Nun's Priest. From Chaucer	7
Theodore and Honoria. From Boccace	35
Ceyx and Alcyone; out of the tenth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses	49
The Flower and the Leaf: Or, The Lady in the Arbour. A Vision out of Chaucer	67
Alexander's Feast: Or, The Power of Music. An Ode in honour of St Cecilia	89
The Twelfth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses wholly translated	97
The Speeches of Ajax and Ulysses. From Ovid's Metamorphoses, book the thirteenth	125
The Wife of Bath, her Tale. From Chaucer	147
Of the Pythagorean Philosophy. From Ovid's Metamorphoses, book the fifteenth	165
The Character of a Good Parson imitated from Chaucer, and enlarged	189
The Monument of a Fair Maiden Lady, who died at the Bath, and is there interred	195
Cymon and Iphigenia. From Boccace	197

CONTENTS.

182	THE Cock and the Fox: Or, The tale of the
7	Nan's Fidd. From Chaucer.
32	Theodore and Honoria. From Boccaccio.
40	Ceyx and Alcyon: Part of the eighth book of Ovid's
	Metamorphoses.
67	The Flower and the Leaf: Or, The Lady in the
	Arbour. A Vision out of Chaucer.
89	Alexander's Feast: Or, The Power of Music. An
	Ode in honour of St Cecilia.
97	The Twelfth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses wholly
	translated.
122	The Speeches of Ajax and Ulysses. From Ovid's
	Metamorphoses, book the thirtieth.
147	The Wife of Bath, her Tale. From Chaucer.
162	Of the Pythagorean Philosophy. From Ovid's
	Metamorphoses, book the thirteenth.
189	The Character of a Good Father translated from
	Chaucer, and enlarged.
192	The Monument of a Fair Maiden: Lady, who died
	at the Bath, and is there interred.
197	Cymon and Iphigenia. From Boccaccio.



COCK AND THE FOX;

OR, THE

T A L E

OF THE

NUN'S PRIEST.

FROM

CHAUCE R.

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow somewhat old, and very poor:

Deep in a cell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.

This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
A simple sober life in patience led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread:
But, huswifing the little heav'n had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter-rent;
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughter too,
To bring the year about with much ado.

The cattle in her homestead were three fows,
An ewe call'd Mally, and three brinded cows.

Her parlour-window stuck with herbs around,
Of sav'ry smell; and rushes strew'd the ground.
A maple-dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made:
For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat;
According to her cloth she cut her coat:
No poignant sauce she knew, no costly treat;
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat:
A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or sick, a pepper-posset was her cure.
Before the day was done her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed:
With exercise she sweat ill humours out,
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad; her heart content,
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
Of wine she never tasted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely chear;
Brown bread and milk, (but first she skimm'd her bowls),
And rashers of sing'd bacon, on the coals.
On holy-day, an egg or two at most;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.

A yard she had, with pales inclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead liv'd without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble chanticleer:
So hight her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of a cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the matten-bell was rung,
He clap'd his wings upon his roost, and sung:

A N D T H E F O X.

For when degrees fifteen ascended right,
 By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.
 High was his comb, and coral red withal,
 In dents embattel'd like a castle-wall;
 His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet;
 Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet;
 White were his nails, like silver to behold;
 His body glitt'ring like the burnish'd gold.

This gentle cock, for solace of his life,
 Six misses had beside his lawful wife;
 Scandal, that spares no king, though ne'er so good,
 Says they were all of his own flesh and blood,
 His sisters both by fire and mother's side;
 And sure their likenesses show'd them near ally'd.
 But make the worst, the monarch did no more,
 'Than all the Ptolomies had done before:
 When incest is for th' int'rest of a nation,
 'Tis made no sin by holy dispensation.
 Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
 Which by their common ugliness are known.

But passing this, as from our tale apart,
 Dame Partlet was the sovereign of his heart;
 Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
 He feather'd her a hundred times a day:
 And she that was not only passing fair,
 But was withal discreet and debonair,
 Resolv'd the passive doctrine to fulfil,
 Though loth, and let him work his wicked will.
 At board and bed was affable and kind,
 According as their marriage-vow did bind,
 And as the church's precept had enjoin'd.

Ev'n since she was a fe'ennight old they say,
Was chaste, and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to disobey.

By this her husband's heart she did obtain,
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!
She was his only joy, and he her pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his side;
If spurning up the ground, he sprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was borne.

But oh! what joy it was to hear him sing,
In summer, when the day began to spring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
Solus cum sola then was all his note.
For in the days of yore, the birds of parts
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the lib'ral arts.

It happ'd, that perching on the parlour-beam,
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream;
Just at the dawn, and sigh'd and groan'd so fast,
As ev'ry breath he drew wou'd be his last.

Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cry'd
For help from gods and men; and fore aghast
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last.
Dear heart, said she, for love of heav'n declare
Your pain, and make me part'ner of your care.
You groan, Sir, ever since the morning light,
As something had disturb'd your noble spright.

And, madam, well I might, said Chanticleer,
Never was shrovetide-cock in such a fear:
Ev'n still I run all over in a sweat,
My princely senses not recover'd yet.

For such a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be shent :
It bodes I shall have wars and woful strife,
Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life.
Know dame, I dreamt within my troubled breast,
That in our yard, I saw a murd'rous beast,
That on my body wou'd have made arrest.
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow :
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
With black ; and much unlike his other hairs :
The rest, in shape a beagle's whelp throughout
With broader forehead, and a sharper snout :
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with surprize.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.

Now fy for shame, quoth she, by heav'n above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love ;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He must be bold by day, and free by night :
Our sex desires a husband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend ;
Wife, hardy, secret, lib'ral of his purse :
A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse :
No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight ;
How dar'st thou talk of love, and dar'st not fight ?
How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art affear'd,
Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard ?

If ought from fearful dreams may be divin'd,
They signify a cock of dunghil-kind.

All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
 Are from repletion and complexion bred:
 From rising fumes of indigested food,
 And noxious humours that infect the blood:
 And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
 These foolish fancies you have had to night,
 Are certain symptoms (in the canting style)
 Of boiling choler, and abounding bile:
 This yellow gall that in your stomach floats,
 Ingenders all these visionary thoughts.
 When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
 Of flames and all the family of red;
 Red dragons, and red beasts in sleep we view;
 For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
 From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
 And wasps and hornets with their double wings.

Choler adust congeals our blood with fear;
 Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
 In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
 With rheums oppress'd we sink in rivers drown'd.

More I could say, but thus conclude my theme,
 The dominating humour makes the dream.
 Cato was in his time accounted wise,
 And he condemns them all for empty lies.
 Take my advice, and when we fly to ground
 With laxatives preserve your body sound,
 And purge the peccant humours that abound.
 I should be loth to lay you on a bier;
 And though there lives no 'pothecary near,
 I dare for once prescribe for your disease,
 And save long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees.

Two sovereign herbs, which I by practise know,
And both at hand, (for in our yard they grow;) 1074
On peril of my soul shall rid you wholly 1075
Of yellow choler, and of melancholy. 1076
You must both purge, and vomit; but obey, 1077
And for the love of heav'n make no delay. 1078
Since hot and dry in your complexion join, 1079
Beware the sun when in a vernal sign; 1080
For when he mounts exalted in the Ram, 1081
If then he finds your body in a flame, 1082
Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat, 1083
A tertian ague is at least your lot. 1084
Perhaps a fever (which the gods forefend) 1085
May bring your youth to some untimely end. 1086
And therefore, Sir, as you desire to live, 1087
A day or two before your laxative, 1088
Take just three worms, nor over nor above, 1089
Because the gods unequal numbers love. 1090
These digestives prepare you for your purge 1091
Of fumetery, centaury, and spurge, 1092
And of ground-ivy add a leaf, or two, 1093
All which within our yard or garden grow. 1094
Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer; 1095
Your father's son was never born to fear. 1096

Madam, quoth he, grammercy for your care;
But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare:
'Tis true, a wise, and worthy man he seems,
And (as you say) gave no belief to dreams:
But other men of more authority,
And, by th' immortal pow'rs! as wise as he,
Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams forebode;
For Homer plainly says, they come from God.

Nor Cato said it: But some modern fool,
Impos'd in Cato's name on boys at school.

Believe me, madam, morning dreams foreshow
Th' events of things, and future weal or woe:
Some truths are not by reason to be try'd,
But we have sure experience for our guide.
An ancient author, equal with the best,
Relates this tale of dreams among the rest.

Two friends, or brothers, with devout intent,
On some far pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so that when the sun was down,
They just arriv'd by twilight at a town;
That day had been the baiting of a bull,
'Twas at a feast, and ev'ry inn so full,
That no void room in chamber, or on ground,
And but one sorry bed was to be found;
And that so little, it would hold but one;
Though till this hour they never lay alone.

So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd behind;
His fellow sought what lodging he cou'd find;
At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
'Twas in a farther yard without a door;
But for his ease, well litter'd was the floor.

His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a rocker slept;
Supine he snor'd; but in the dead of night,
He dream'd his friend appear'd before his sight;
Who with a ghastly look and doleful cry,
Said help, me brother, or this night I die:
Arise, and help, before all help be vain,
Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.

Rouz'd from his rest he waken'd in a start,
 Shiv'ring with horror, and with aching heart;
 At length to cure himself by reason tries;
 'Twas but a dream, and what are dreams but lies?
 So thinking chang'd his side, and clos'd his eyes.
 His dream returns; his friend appears again,
 The murd'ers come; now help, or I am slain;
 'Twas but a vision still, and visions are but vain.

He dream'd the third; but now his friend appear'd
 Pale, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with blood besmear'd;
 Thrice warn'd, awake, said he; relief is late;
 The deed is done; but thou revenge my fate;
 Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes;
 Awake, and with the dawning day arise;
 Take to the western gate thy ready way,
 For by that passage they my corps convey;
 My corps is in a tumbril laid; among
 The filth, and ordure, and enclos'd with dung.
 That cart arrest, and raise a common cry:
 For sacred hunger of my gold I die.
 Then shew'd his grisly wounds; and last he drew
 A piteous sigh; and took a long adieu.

The frightened friend arose by break of day,
 And found the stall where late his fellow lay.
 Then of his impious host enquiring more,
 Was answer'd that his guest was gone before.
 Mutt'ring he went, said he, by morning-light,
 And much complain'd of his ill rest by night.
 This rais'd suspicion in the pilgrim's mind;
 Because all hosts are of an evil kind,
 And oft, to share the spoil, with robbers join'd.

His dream confirm'd his thought; with troubled look
 Straight to the western gate his way he took.

There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
That carry'd composts forth to dung the ground.
This, when the pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his throat,
And cry'd out murther, with a yelling note.
My murther'd fellow in this cart lies dead,
Vengeance and justice on the villains head.
You, magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,
On you I call to punish this offence.

The word thus giv'n, within a little space,
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the place.
All in a trice they cast the cart to ground,
And in the dung the murther'd body found,
Though, breathless, warm, and reeking from the
wound.

Good heav'n, whose darling attribute we find
Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
Abhors the cruel, and the deeds of night,
By wondrous ways, reveals in open light:
Murther may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels;
The hue and cry of heav'n pursues him at the heels,
Fresh from the fact; as in the present case;
The criminals are seiz'd upon the place;
Carter and host confronted face to face.
Stiff in denial; as the law appoints
On engines they distend their tortur'd joints;
So was confession forc'd, th' offence was known,
And public justice on th' offenders done.

Here may you see that visions are to dread;
And in the page that follows this, I read

Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
 Induc'd in parnership to cross the main :
 Waiting till willing winds their sails supply'd,
 Within a trading-town they long abide,
 Full fairly situate on a haven's side.

}

One evening it befel that looking out,
 The wind they long had wish'd was come about :
 Well pleas'd they went to rest; and, if the gale
 'Till morn continu'd, both resolv'd to fail.

But as together in a bed they lay,
 The younger had a dream at break of day.

A man, he thought, stood frowning at his side;
 Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,
 Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.

}

I come, thy genius, to command thy stay;
 Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
 And death unhop'd attends the watry way.

}

The vision said; and vanish'd from his sight,
 The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright :

Then pull'd his drowzy neighbour, and declar'd
 What in his slumber he had seen, and heard.

His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud contempt
 Rejects as idle what his fellow dream'd.

Stay, who will stay : For me no fears restrain,
 Who follow Mercury the god of gain :

Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
 I wait, not I, till you have better dreams.

Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes,
 When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes,

Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
 A mob of coblers, and a court of kings :

Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad :
 Both are the reasonable soul run mad ;
 And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
 That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
 Sometimes, forgotten things long cast behind
 Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
 The nurses legends are for truths receiv'd,
 And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.

Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
 The night restores our actions done by day ;
 As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
 In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
 Chimeras all; and more absurd, or less.
 You, who believe in tales, abide alone,
 Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.

Thus while he spoke he heard the shouting crew
 That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
 The vessel went before a merry gale,
 And for quick passage put on ev'ry sail.
 But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open day,
 The mischief overtook her in the way.
 Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
 Or whether she was overfet with wind ;
 Or that some rock below, her bottom rent,
 But down at once with all her crew she went;
 Her fellow ships from far her loss descry'd ;
 But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.

By this example you are taught again,
 That dreams and visions are not always vain.
 But if, dear Parlet, you are yet in doubt,
 Another tale shall make the former out.

Kenelm the son of Kenulph, Mercia's king,
 Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,
 Warn'd, in a dream, his murther did foretel
 From point to point as after it befel:
 All circumstances to his nurse he told,
 (A wonder, from a child of sev'n years old :)
 The dream with horror heard, the good old wife
 From treason counsell'd him to guard his life:
 But close to keep the secret in his mind,
 For a boy's vision small belief would find.
 The pious child, by promise bound, obey'd,
 Nor was the fatal murther long delay'd;
 By Quenda slain he fell before his time,
 Made a young martyr by his sister's crime.
 The tale is told by venerable Bede,
 Which, at your better leisure, you may read.

Macrobius too relates the vision sent
 To the great Scipio with the fam'd event;
 Objections makes, but after makes replies,
 And adds, that dreams are often prophecies.

Of Daniel, you may read in holy writ,
 Who, when the king his vision did forget,
 Cou'd word for word the wondrous dream repeat. }
 Nor less of patriarch Joseph understand
 Who by a dream enslav'd th' Egyptian land.
 The years of plenty and of dearth foretold,
 When for their bread, their liberty they sold.
 Nor must th' exalted butler be forgot,
 Nor he whose dream presag'd his hanging lot.

And did not Croesus the same death foresee,
 Rais'd in his vision on a lofty tree?

The wife of Hector in his utmost pride,
 Dream'd of his death the night before he dy'd;
 Well was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
 But men to death decreed are warn'd in vain;
 He dar'd the dream, and by his fatal foe was slain.

Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
 For see the ruddy day begins to break;
 Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
 My dream was bad, and bodes adversity.
 But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
 They only serve to make a well man sick;
 Of these his gain the sharp physician makes,
 And often gives a purge, but seldom takes.
 They not correct, but poison all the blood,
 And ne'er did any but the doctors good.
 Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all,
 With ev'ry work of 'pothecary's hall.

These melancholy matters I forbear.
 But let me tell thee, Parlet mine, and swear,
 That when I view the beauties of thy face,
 I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace:
 So may my soul have blifs, as when I spy
 The scarlet red about thy partridge-eye,
 While thou art constant to thy own true knight,
 While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
 All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.
 For true it is, as in principio,
 Mulier est hominis confusio.

Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
 'That woman is to man his sov'reign blifs.
 For when by night I feel your tender side,
 Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,

Yet I have such a solace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are cast behind ;
And ev'n already I forget my dream :
He said, and downward flew from off the beam.
For day-light now began apace to spring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th' appointed call
To chuck his wives together in the hall.

By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And chanticler went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As shew'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he spurn'd the ground,
And gave to Parlet the first grain he found :
Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
And trode her twenty times e'er prime of day ;
And took by turns and gave so much delight,
Her sisters pin'd with envy at the sight.

He chuck'd again, when other corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a foot on ground ;
But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his sev'n wives came running at his call.

'Twas now the month in which the world began,
(If March beheld the first created man ;)
And since the vernal equinox, the sun,
In Aries twelve degrees, or more, had run,
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour he measur'd right :
And told more truly, than th' ephemeris ;
For art may err, but nature cannot miss.

Thus numb'ring times, and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.

Then turning, said to Parlet, see, my dear,
 How lavish Nature has adorn'd the year;
 How the pale primrose, and blue violet spring,
 And birds essay their throats diffus'd to sing:
 All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
 Man strutting on two legs, and aping me!
 An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,
 Endow'd with fewer particles of flame.
 Our dame sits couring o'er a kitchen-fire,
 I draw fresh air, and Nature's works admire;
 And ev'n this day, in more delight abound,
 Than since I was an egg, I ever found.

The time shall come when chanticleer shall wish
 His words unsaid, and hate his boasted blifs:
 The crested bird shall by experience know,
 Jove made not him his master-piece below;
 And learn the latter end of joy is woe.
 The vessel of his blifs to dregs is run,
 And heav'n will have him taste his other tun.

Ye wise draw near, and hearken to my tale,
 Which proves that oft the proud by flatt'ry fall:
 The legend is as true, I undertake,
 As Tristram is, and Launcelot of the lake:
 Which all our ladies in such rev'rence hold,
 As if in book of Martyrs it were told.

A fox full fraught with seeming sanctity,
 That fear'd an oath, but, like the devil, would lie,
 Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
 And durst not sin before he said his pray'r:
 This pious cheat that never suck'd the blood,
 Nor chaw'd the flesh of lambs but when he cou'd,
 Had pass'd three summers in the neighb'ring wood;

And musing long, whom next to circumvent,
On chanticleer his wicked fancy bent :
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.

The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way ;
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leap'd the fence of the forbidden ground :
Yet fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of colworts he conceal'd his wily head ;
There sculk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As murd'ers use) to perpetrate his crime.
O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy ;
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemagne !
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Didst thou forefak the safety of thy bow'r :
Better for thee thou hadst believ'd thy dream,
And not that day descended from the beam !

But here the doctors eagerly dispute :
Some hold predestination absolute :
Some clerks maintain, that heav'n at first foresees,
And in the virtue of foresight decrees.
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill :
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or his eternal prescience may be vain ;
As bad for us as prescience had not been.
For first, or last, he's author of the sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming man
Say worse ev'n of the devil, if he can.

For how can that eternal pow'r be just
To punish man, who sins because he must?
Or, how can he reward a virtuous deed,
Which is not done by us, but first decreed?

I cannot bould this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardin and holy Austin can;
If prescience can determine action so
That we must do, because he did foreknow;
Or that foreknowing yet our choice is free,
Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity:
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is conditional.
The first so binds the will, that things foreknown
By spontaneity, not choice, are done.
Thus galley-slaves tug willing, at their oar,
Consent to work, in prospect of the shore;
But wou'd not work at all, if not constrain'd before.
That other does not liberty constrain,
But man may either act, or may refrain.
Heav'n made us agents free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the will.
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.

If he could make such agents wholly free,
I not dispute; the point's too high for me;
For Heav'n's unfathom'd pow'r what man can found,
Or put to his omnipotence a bound?
He made us to his image all agree;
That image is the soul, and that must be,
Or not the Maker's image, or be free.

But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to sin,

I wave, for fear of splitting on the rock ;
 The tale I tell is only of a cock ;
 Who had not run the hazard of his life,
 Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife :
 For women, with a mischief to their kind,
 Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
 A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
 And made her man his paradise forego,
 Where at heart's ease he liv'd ; and might have been
 As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
 For what the devil had their sex to do,
 That, born to folly, they presum'd to know,
 And could not see the serpent in the grass ?
 But I myself presume, and let it pass.

Silence in times of suff'ring is the best,
 'Tis dang'rous to disturb a hornet's nest.
 In other authors you may find enough,
 But all they say of dames is idle stuff.
 Legends of lying wits together bound,
 The wife of Bath would throw 'em to the ground.
 These are the words of chanticleer, not mine,
 I honour dames, and think their sex divine.

Now, to continue what my tale begun.
 Lady madam Parlet basking in the sun,
 Breast high in sand ; Her sisters in a row,
 Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below.
 The cock that of his flesh was ever free,
 Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea.
 And so befel, that as he cast his eye,
 Among the colworts on a butterfly,
 He saw false Reynard where he lay full low ;
 I need not swear he had no list to crow :

But cry'd, Cock ! cock ! and gave a sudden start,
 As fore dismay'd and frighted at his heart.
 For birds and beasts, inform'd by nature, know
 Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe.
 So, chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
 Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.

But the false loon who cou'd not work his will
 By open force, employ'd his flatt'ring skill;
 I hope, my lord, said he, I not offend,
 Are you afraid of me, that am your friend ?
 I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,
 I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long :
 Stay, gentle sir, nor take a false alarm :
 For on my soul I never meant you harm.
 I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,
 To learn the secrets of your soft recess :
 Far be from Reynard so prophane a thought ;
 But by the sweetness of your voice was brought :
 For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard,
 The song as of an angel in the yard :
 A song that wou'd have charm'd th' infernal gods,
 And banish'd horror from the dark abodes ;
 Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
 So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear,
 The wife had been detain'd, to keep the husband there.

My lord, your sire familiarly I knew,
 A peer deserving such a son as you ;
 He, with your lady-mother (whom heav'n rest)
 Has often grac'd my house, and been my guest.
 To view his living features does me good ;
 For I am your poor neighbour in the wood ;

And in my cottage shou'd be proud to see
The worthy heir of my friend's family.

But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the ground,
One like your father for a silver sound.
So sweetly wou'd he make the winter-day,
That matrons to the church mistook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play.

And he to raise his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to please the fair?)

On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length;
And while he pain'd his voice to pierce the skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That the sound striving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail, to mend the note.

By this, in song, he never had his peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to chanticleer;
Not Maro's Muse who sung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heav'nly lre, nor Horace when a swan.
Your ancestors proceed from race divine,
From Brennus and Belinus is your line.

Who gave to sov'reign Rome such loud alarms,
That ev'n the priests were not excus'd from arms.

Besides, a famous monk of modern times,
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhimes,
That of a parish-priest the son and heir,
(When sons of priests were from the proverb clear)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind;

For which the clerk his father was disgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity ;
Make hills, and dales, and earth, and heav'n rejoice,
And emulate your father's angel-voice.

The cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,
And proud beside, as solar people are.
Nor cou'd the treason from the truth descry ;
So was he ravish'd with this flattery.
So much the more as from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himself :
Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.

Ye princes, rais'd by poets to the gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring knave's report,
'There's many a Reynard lurking in the court ;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard
And listen'd to, than modest truth is heard.

This chanticleer of whom the story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings :
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his eyes ;
Ambitious, as he fought th' Olympic prize.
But, while he pain'd himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rush'd and caught him by the throat,
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood :
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.

Alas, what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate ?

The doom was written, the decree was past,
 E'er the foundations of the world were cast !
 In Aries though the Sun exalted stood,
 His patron-planet to procure his good ;
 Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he
 In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree :
 The rays both good and bad, of equal pow'r,
 Each thwarting other made a mingled hour.

On Friday-morn he dream'd this direful dream,
 Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme !
 Ah blestful Venus, goddess of delight,
 How couldst thou suffer thy devoted knight,
 On thy own day to fall by foe oppress'd,
 The weight of all the world who serv'd thee best ?
 Who true to love, was all for recreation,
 And minded not the work of propagation.
 Gaufride, who could'st so well in rhyme complain,
 The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
 Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my heart,
 To sing this heavy dirge with equal art !
 That I like thee on Friday might complain ;
 For on that day was Coeur de Lion slain.

Not louder cries when Ilium was in flames,
 Were sent to heav'n by woful Trojan dames,
 When Pyrrhus tofs'd on high his burnish'd blade,
 And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
 Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.
 Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from sight,
 With sovereign shrieks bewail'd her captive knight,
 Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
 When Asdrubal her husband lost his life ;

When she beheld the smould'ring flames ascend,
And all the Punic glories at an end:
Willing into the fires she plung'd her head,
With greater ease than others seek their bed.
Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burn'd the imperial town,
Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to die.

Now to my story I return again;
The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of those distracted damsels in the yard;
And starting up beheld the heavy fight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight;
And cross his back as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was born.

The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry,
Out from his house ran ev'ry neighbour nigh:
The vicar first, and after him the crew,
With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand:
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panique horror of pursuing dogs,
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the terror of the day.
The ducks that heard the proclamation cry'd,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,
Full twenty miles from town their voyage take,
Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.

The geese fly o'er the barn ; the bees in arms,
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London-stone with all his rout
Struck not the city with so loud a shout ;
Not when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew :
Not when the welkin rung with one and all ;
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall ; [fall. }
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and heav'n above to }
With might and main they chas'd the murd'rous fox,
With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds ;
Nor wanted horns t' inspire sagacious hounds.

But see how Fortune can confound the wise,
And when they least expect it, turn the dice.
The captive cock, who scarce cou'd draw his breath,
And lay within the very jaws of death :
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought
And fear supply'd him with this happy thought :
Your's is the prize, victorious prince, said he,
The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey,
Call back their mungril curs, and cease their cry,
See fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh, }
And chanticleer in your despoight shall die. }
He shall be pluck'd, and eaten to the bone.

'Tis well advis'd, in faith it shall be done ;
This Reynard said : But as the word he spoke,
The pris'ner with a spring from prison broke :
Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighb'ring maple wing'd his flight.

Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
 He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd;
 Shame for his folly; sorrow out of time,
 For plotting an unprofitable crime:
 Yet mast'ring both, th' artificer of lies
 Renews th' assault, and his last batt'ry tries.

Though I, said he, did ne'er in thought offend,
 How justly may my lord suspect his friend?
 Th' appearance is against me, I confess,
 Who seemingly have put you in distress:
 You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
 May think I broke all hospitable laws,
 To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
 And put your noble person in a fright:
 This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
 Though heav'n can witness with no bad intent,
 I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer,
 With double pleasure first prepar'd by fear.
 So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
 Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
 Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.
 Descend; so help me Jove, as you shall find
 That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind.

Nay, quoth the cock; but I beshrew us both,
 If I believe a faint upon his oath:
 An honest man may take a knave's advice,
 But idiots only will be cozen'd twice:
 Once warn'd is well bewar'd: No flatt'ring lies
 Shall sooth me more to sing with winking eyes,
 And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
 Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim
 When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?

Better, Sir Cock, let all contention cease;
 Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of peace.
 A peace with all my soul, said chanticler;
 But, with your favour, I will treat it here:
 And lest the truce with treason should be mix'd,
 'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt.

The M O R A L.

In this plain fable you th' effect may see
 Of negligence, and fond credulity:
 And learn besides of flatt'ers to beware,
 Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
 The cock and fox, the fool and knave imply;
 The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
 Who spoke in parables, I dare not say;
 But sure, he knew it was a pleasing way,
 Sound sense by plain example to convey.
 And in a heathen author we may find,
 That pleasure with instruction should be join'd:
 So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

T H E O D O R E

A N D

H O N O R I A.

F R O M

B O C C A C E.

OF all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief and most renown'd Ravenna stands:
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of Fortune and of Nature blest'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame,
Of high degree, Honoria was her name:
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth; (for equal she had none;) }
The rest she scorn'd; but hated him alone. }
His gifts, his constant courtship nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd;
He liv'd with all the pomp he cou'd devise;
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his lady's eyes: }
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid }
Turn'd all to poison that he did or said:

Nor pray'rs, nor tears, nor offer'd vows could move;
 The work went backward; and the more he strove
 T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Weary'd at length, and wanting remedy,
 He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
 But pride stood ready to prevent the blow;
 For who would die to gratify a foe?
 His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
 That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
 But vainer that relief than all the rest;
 The less he hop'd with more desire possess'd;
 Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care,
 He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
 He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
 As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease;
 But present love requir'd a present ease.
 Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
 Feeds ling'ring death, but, looking not, he dies.
 Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
 Wasting at once his life and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
 For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
 Absence, the best expedient they could find,
 Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
 This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
 Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard, you may think it was, to give consent,
 But, struggling with his own desires, he went:
 With large expence, and with a pompous train
 Provided, as to visit France or Spain,
 Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.

But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,
 Confin'd within the purlieus of his court :
 Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat ;
 His travels ended at his country-seat :
 To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
 There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.

The spring was in the prime ; the neighb'ring grove,
 Supply'd with birds, the choristers of love :
 Music unbought, that minister'd delight,
 To morning-walks, and lull'd his cares by night :
 There he discharg'd his friends, but not th' expence
 Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
 He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
 From public business, yet with equal charge ;
 With house and heart still open to receive ;
 As well content as love would give him leave :
 He would have liv'd more free ; but many a guest,
 Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.

It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
 Before his usual hour, he left his bed ;
 To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
 On ev'ry side surrounded by the wood :
 Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
 And sought the deepest solitude to find :
 'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd ;
 The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd,
 And dancing trees a mournful music made. }
 The place itself was suiting to his care,
 Uncouth, and savage, as the cruel fair.
 He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
 Lost in the wood, and all on love intent.

The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.

While list'ning to the murm'ring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whisp'ring found
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground:

With deeper brown the grove was overspread:

A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled.

Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye:

Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,

And stood collected in himself, and whole;

Not long; for soon a whirlwind rose around,

And from afar he heard a screaming sound,

As of a dame distress'd, who cry'd for aid,

And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles choak'd and dwarfish wood:
From thence the noise; which now approaching near,

With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear:

He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,

With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade;

Stripp'd of her cloaths, and e'en those parts reveal'd,

Which modest Nature keeps from sight conceal'd.

Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,

With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn:

Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,

And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embu'd;

Oft they came up and pinch'd her tender side:

Mercy, O mercy, Heav'n! she ran, and cry'd;

When heav'n was nam'd they loos'd their hold again ;
Then sprung she forth ; they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chace ;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held :
He hear'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind ;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A sapline pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The knight came thund'ring on, but from afar
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war ;
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief ;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way.
I but revenge my fate ; disdain'd, betray'd,
And suff'ring death for this ungrateful maid.

He said ; at once dismounting from the steed ;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and fast'ning on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd.
Stood Theodore surpriz'd in deadly fright,
With chatt'ring teeth and bristling hair upright ;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth : Whate'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee ;

Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defy'd ;

The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd.

Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim ;

And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.

One common fire our fathers did beget ;

My name and story some remember yet.

Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,

When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid ;

Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,

Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.

What did I not her stubborn heart to gain ?

But all my vows were answer'd with disdain ;

She scorn'd my sorrows and despis'd my pain.

Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care,

'Then loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,

To finish my unhappy life, I fell

On this sharp sword ; and now am damn'd in hell.

Short was her joy ; for soon th' insulting maid

By Heav'n's decree in the cold grave was laid ;

And, as in unrepenting sin she dy'd,

Doom'd to the same bad place, is punish'd for her pride ;

Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,

And made a merit of her cruelty.

There, then, we met ; both try'd and both were cast ;

And this irrevocable sentence past ;

That she whom I so long pursu'd in vain,

Should suffer from my hands a ling'ring pain :

Renew'd to life, that she might daily die ;

I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly :

No more a lover but a mortal foe,

I seek her life (for love is none below.)

As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed.
Then with this fatal sword on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open back or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds
a feast.

Nor lies she long, but as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to day, to morrow to be slain. }

This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd their common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground;
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain!
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and ev'ry several place,
Conscious of her disdain, and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment, and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me.
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the wound;

And unconcern'd for all she felt before,
 Precipitates her flight along the shore :
 The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
 Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food.
 The fiend remounts his courser ; mends his pace ;
 And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth, oppress'd with awe,
 And stupid at the wond'rous things he saw,
 Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law. }
 He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake ;
 But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
 Though strong at first : If vision, to what end, }
 But such as must his future state portend ?
 His love the damsel, and himself the fiend. }
 But yet reflecting that it could not be
 From heav'n, which cannot impious acts decree,
 Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare
 Which hell for his destruction did prepare ;
 And as his better genius should direct
 From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from heav'n he homeward took his way,
 Nor pall'd his new design with long delay ;
 But of his train a trusty servant sent,
 To call his friends together at his tent.
 They came, and usual salutations paid,
 With words premeditated, thus he said :
 What you have often counsell'd, to remove
 My vain pursuit of unregarded love ;
 By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
 Tho' late, yet is at last become my care.
 My heart shall be my own ; my vast expence
 Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence :

'This only I require; invite for me
Honor, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine; the cause I shall display,
On Friday next, for that's th' appointed day.

Well pleas'd were all his friends; the task was light;
The father, mother, daughter, they invite:
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come; the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame:
A feast prepar'd with riotous expence,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flow'rs below, and tissue overhead:

The rest in rank; Honor chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chace.
The feast was serv'd; the time so well forecast,
That just when the desert and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd; rowl'd the thunder; groan'd the
ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise,
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famish'd hounds that sought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in
blood.

Last came the felon on the fable steed, [speed :
 Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to
 She ran, and cry'd; her flight directly bent
 (A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent, [ment. }
 The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punish-
 Loud was the noise; aghast was ev'ry guest;
 The women shriek'd; the men forsook the feast;
 The hounds at nearer distance hoarsly bay'd;
 The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid; [aid. }
 She rent the heav'n with loud laments, imploring
 The gallants to protect the ladies right, }
 Their faulchions brandish'd at the grisly spright;
 High on his stirups, he provok'd the fight. }
 Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
 And wither'd all their strength before he struck:
 Back on your lives! let be, said he, my prey,
 And let my vengeance take the destin'd way.
 Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
 Against th' eternal doom of providence:
 Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heav'n design'd:
 Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
 At this the former tale again he told,
 With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to behold.
 Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
 Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
 But bore each other back; some knew the face,
 And all had heard the much lamented case }
 Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
 And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
 Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd
 Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart,
 Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.

The reeking entrails next he tore away,
 And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
 The pale assistants, on each other star'd
 With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd ;
 The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
 And dy'd imperfect on the faulting tongue.
 The fright was general ; but the female band
 (A helpless train) in more confusion stand ;
 With horror shudd'ring, on a heap they run,
 Sick at the sight of hateful justice done ; [their own.
 For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case }

So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
 A plump of fowl, behold their foe on high ;
 They close their trembling troop ; and all attend
 On whom the fowling eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
 And thought to her alone the vision sent.
 Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
 Heav'ns justice, Theodore's revengeful kind, }
 And the same fate to the same sin assign'd ;
 Already sees herself the monster's prey,
 And feels her heart, and entrails torn away.
 'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear ;
 Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer ;
 The knight, and hungry mastiffs stood around ;
 The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground :
 When on a sudden reinspir'd with breath,
 Again she rose, again to suffer death ;
 Nor stay'd the hell-hounds, nor the hunter stay'd,
 But follow'd, as before, the flying maid :
 Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
 And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurr'd :

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.

But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more his feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep design ; which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd ;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infernal steed :
The more dismay'd ; for when the guests withdrew
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew, [adieu. }
Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor grac'd with kind }
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind, }
The downfal of her empire she divin'd ; }
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd. }
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd }
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd, }
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd. }
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd most yet blam'd her more :
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the deed they damn'd the living dame.

At ev'ry little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind ;
And anxious oft she started on the way, [his prey.
And thought the horseman-ghost came thund'ring for
Return'd, she took her bed, with little rest,
But in short slumbers dream'd the funeral feast :
Awak'd, she turn'd her side ; and slept again,
The same black vapours mounted in her brain, }
And the same dreams return'd with double pain. }

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
 Her blood all fever'd ; with a furious leap
 She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
 And fear'd, at ev'ry step, a twitching spright behind.
 Darkling and desp'rate with a stagg'ring pace,
 Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace ;
 Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
 Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
 Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
 Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
 And her pursue, or Theodore be slain, [plain.
 And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the
 This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
 That desp'rate any succour else to find,
 She ceas'd all further hope ; and now began
 To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
 Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,
 Proof to disdain ; and not to be remov'd :
 Of all the men respected and admir'd,
 Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd.
 Why not of her ? preferr'd above the rest [fess'd ?
 By him with knightly deeds, and open love pro- }
 So had another been, where he his vows address'd. }
 This quell'd her pride ; yet other doubts remain'd,
 That once disdaining, she might be disdain'd :
 The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
 Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd :
 He took a low'ring leave ; but who can tell,
 What outward hate might inward love conceal ?
 Her sexes arts she knew, and why not then
 Might deep dissembling have a place in men ?

Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
 She fix'd on this her utmost remedy;
 Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
 'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
 The precipice in sight; a shrub was all,
 That kindly stood betwixt, to break the fatal fall.

One maid she had, belov'd above the rest;
 Secure of her, the secret she confess'd.
 And now the chearful light her fears dispell'd;
 She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
 But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd.
 With faults confess'd, commission'd her to go,
 If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe:
 The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
 'Twas what he wish'd and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;
 Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
 He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
 Should he delay the moment of consent.
 There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
 The modesty of maidens well might spare;)
 But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
 (As women, where they will, are all in haste)
 That father, mother, and the kin beside,
 Were overborne by fury of the tide.
 With full consent of all she chang'd her state,
 Resistless in her love as in her hate.

By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
 More easy, less imperious, were the fair:
 And that one hunting which the devil design'd.
 For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

C E Y X
A N D
A L C Y O N E.

Connection of this fable with the former.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer, (the morning star), and king of Trachin in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone, daughter to Æolus, god of the winds. Both the husband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Daedalion, the elder brother of Ceyx (whom he succeeded) having been turned into a falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Daedalion's daughter, slain by Diana; Ceyx prepares a ship to sail to Claros, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to enquire how the anger of the gods might be attoned.

TH E S E prodigies afflict the pious prince; [since,
But, more perplex'd with those that happen'd
He purposes to seek the Clarian god,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode;
Since Phlegyan robbers made unsafe the road. }
Yet cou'd he not from her he lov'd so well
The fatal voyage he resolv'd conceal :
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shiv'ring to her heart;
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new :

She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung
And fault'ring dy'd unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs; with long delay
Her voice return'd, and found the wonted way.

Tell me, my lord, she said, what fault unknown
Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done?

Whither, ah whither is thy kindness gone!

Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life?

What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'it thou absence to renew thy love?

Yet, if thou go'st by land, though grief possess
My soul even then, my fears will be the less.

But ah! be warn'd to shun the wat'ry way;

The face is frightful of the stormy sea:

For late I saw a-drift disjointed planks,

And empty tombs erected on the banks.

Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,

Because my fire in caves constrains the wind,

Can with a breath their clam'rous rage appease,

They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas:

Not so, for once indulg'd they sweep the main;

Deaf to the call, or, hearing, hear in vain;

But bent on mischief bear the waves before,

And not content with seas insult the shore;

When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage

And rooted forests fly before their rage:

At once the clashing clouds to battle move,

And lightnings run across the fields above.

I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,

While yet a child, within my father's court;

In times of tempest they command alone,
 And he but sits precarious on the throne.
 The more I know, the more my fears augment;
 And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
 But if not fears or reasons will prevail,
 If Fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail;
 Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
 My part of danger with an equal share,
 And present, what I suffer only fear:
 Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
 Secure to live together, or to die.

These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's heart,
 But still he held his purpose to depart:
 For as he lov'd her equal to his life,
 He wou'd not to the seas expose his wife;
 Nor cou'd be wrought his voyage to refrain,
 But fought by arguments to sooth her pain:
 Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,
 With which so difficult a cause he won.
 My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
 For by my father's holy flame I swear,
 Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
 If heav'n allow me life, I will return.

This promise of so short a stay prevails;
 He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
 And gives the word to launch; the trembling views
 This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
 Last with a kiss, she took a long farewell,
 Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning fell:
 While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew
 Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew,
 To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.

The queen recover'd rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies
Shaking his hand at distance on the main;
She took the sign; and shook her hand again:
Still as the ground recedes, contracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew
The much-lov'd face; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes;
The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails:
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more,
Forfaken of all sight, she left the shore.

Then on her bridal-bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her weary'd eyes to close:
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.

And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind and catch the gales:
By this the vessel half her course had run,
And as much rested till the rising sun;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose:
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far
Like heralds first denounce the wat'ry war.

This seen, the master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the top-sail; let the main-sheet fly,
And furl your sails: the winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiously they wrought.

Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
 Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
 And folds the sails; a fourth with labour laves
 Th' intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.

In this confusion, while their work they ply,
 The winds augment the winter of the sky,
 And wage intestine wars; the suff'ring seas
 Are tofs'd, and mingled as their tyrants please.
 The master wou'd command, but in despair
 Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care;
 Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
 Th' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows:
 Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill:
 With such a concourse comes the flood of ill:
 The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrowds;
 Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds:
 At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
 The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
 And in the fires above the water fries:
 When yellow sands are sifted from below,
 The glitt'ring billows give a golden show;
 And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
 The Stygian dye the tainted waters take;
 Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
 And change their colour, changing their disease.
 Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
 And now sublime she rides upon the winds;
 And from a lofty summit looks from high,
 And from the clouds beholds the nether sky;
 Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,
 And at a distance see superior light:

The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as batt'ring rams a fort :
Or as a lion, bounding in his way
With force augmented bears against his prey;
Sidelong to seize; or unappal'd with fear
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear :
So seas impell'd by winds, with added pow'r,
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tow'r.

The planks (their pitchy cov'ring wash'd away)
Now yield, and now a yawning breach display ;
The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
Mean time in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And Ocean, swell'd with waters, upwards tends,
One rising, falling one ; the heav'ns and sea
Meet at their confines in the middle way :
The sails are drunk with show'rs, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No star appears to lend his friendly light ;
Darkness and tempest make a double night.
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And while the light'nings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite,
And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others; and, an host alone,
Still presses on, and urging gains the town :
So while th' invading billows come a-breast,
The hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey ;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows conqu'ring shout ;

And mount on other's backs, in hope to share
The city, thus become the seat of war.

An universal cry resounds aloud,
The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.

One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief:

One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief,

But stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate:

One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,

And call those happy whom their funerals wait.

This wretch with pray'rs and vows the gods implores,

And ev'n the skies he cannot see, adores.

That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,

His careful father, and his faithful spouse.

The covetous worldling in his anxious mind

Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.

All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,

For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:

His wife he wishes, and wou'd still be near,

Not her with him, but wishes him with her.

Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,

Which fate has destin'd him to see no more;

He fought, but in the dark tempestuous night

He knew not whither to direct his sight.

So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,

That the black night receives a deeper dye.

The giddy ship ran round; the tempest tore

Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.

One billow mounts; and with a scornful brow,

Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves below;

Nor lighter fall, than if some gyant tore
Pyndus and Athos, with the freight they bore :
And tofs'd on seas ; press'd with the pondrous blow
Down sinks the ship within th' abyfs below ;
Down with the vessel sink into the main,
The many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless care
Lay hold, and swim, but while they swim, despair.

Ev'n he who late a sceptre did command,
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand ;
And while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain.

But yet his consort is his greatest care ;
Alcyone he names amidst his pray'r,
Names as a charm against the waves, and wind ;
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind.

Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From pray'rs to wishes he descends at last ;
That his dead body wafted to the sands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.

As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair ;
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murm'ring Alcyone below the waves :

At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.

Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night, his heav'nly form obscur'd with tears ;
And since he was forbid to leave the skies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Meantime Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone ;

Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wishes for a new ;
Against the promis'd time provides with care,
And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear.
And for herself employs another loom,
New-dress'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flatt'ring her heart with joys that never were to come. }
She fum'd the temple with an od'rous flame, }
And oft before the sacred altars came, }
To pray for him, who was an empty name.
All pow'rs implor'd, but far above the rest
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much lov'd-lord from perils to protect,
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part ;
This last petition heard of all her pray'r,
The rest dispers'd by winds were lost in air.

But she, the goddess of the nuptial-bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held.
Then Iris thus bespoke : Thou faithful maid,
By whom thy Queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the god
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm ;
This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event.

Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch, (a segment of the skies.)

Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends to search the silent house of sleep.

Near the Cymmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowzy god ;
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon ;
But lazy vapors round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky ;
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day :
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace ;
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempest rock'd, nor human cry ;
But safe repose, without an air of breath,
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.

An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow,
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmers calls the coming sleeps.
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples sweet that rest bestow ;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent plains ;
No door there was th' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon sted.
Black was the cov'ring too, where lay the god
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad ;
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,

And mock their forms ; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.

The virgin entring bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away.
The god disturb'd with this new glare of light,
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin ;
At length shook off himself ; and ask'd the dame,
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came ?

To whom the goddess thus : O sacred Rest,
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the pow'rs the best !
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balms renews the limbs to labours of the day, }
Care shuns thy soft approach, and fullen flies away ! }
Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm ;
And send it fitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report :
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She said, and scarce awake her eyes cou'd keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep :
But fled returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent.

The god, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain ;
And tho' against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd :
Morpheus of all his numerous train express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best ;

The walk, the words, the gesture cou'd supply,
 The habit mimic, and the mien bely;
 Plays well; but all his action is confin'd,
 Extending not beyond our human kind.
 Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
 And dreadful images, and monster shapes:
 This demon, Icelos, in heav'n's high hall
 The gods have nam'd; but men Phobeter call:
 A third is Phantafus, whose actions roul
 On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
 Earth, fruits, and flow'rs, he represents in dreams,
 And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams:
 These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display;
 'The rest before th' ignoble commons play.
 Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd;
 Which done, the lazy monarch overwatch'd,
 Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
 Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.

Darkling the demon glides for flight prepar'd,
 So soft that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
 To Trachin, swift as thought, the sitting shade
 Through air his momentary journey made:
 Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
 Forfakes his proper form, assumes the king's;
 And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
 Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
 And stands before the bed at dawn of day:
 Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears;
 And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
 The briny water drooping from his hairs;
 Then staring on her with a ghastly look,
 And hollow voice, he thus the queen bespoke.

Know'st thou not me! not yet unhappy wife?
 Or are my features perish'd with my life?
 Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
 Lo all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost!
 Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
 The stormy south o'ertook us in the main;
 And never shalt thou see thy living lord again.
 Bear witness heav'n I call'd on thee in death,
 And while I call'd, a billow stop'd my breath:
 Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
 I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
 Rise wretched widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
 Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford: } lord.
 But rise, prepar'd in black, to mourn thy perish'd }

Thus said the player-god; and adding art
 Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
 She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
 That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the tears:
 She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress'd,
 She sigh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her breast:
 Then stretch'd her arms t' embrace his body bare;
 Her clasping arms inclose but empty air:
 At this, not yet awake, she cry'd, O stay,
 One is our fate, and common is our way!
 So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
 That starting sudden up, the slumber broke:
 Then cast her eyes around in hope to view
 Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:
 For now the maids, who waited her commands,
 Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
 Tir'd with the search, not finding what she seeks,
 With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks:

Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caull that bound her hair.
Her nurse demands the cause, with louder cries,
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies.

No more Alcyone ! she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath :
No flatt'ry, no false comfort, give me none !
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone !
I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew :
His lustre lost, and ev'ry living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face ;
Tho' with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
None but my Ceyx cou'd appear so fair :
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace, [place :
But through my arms he slip'd, and vanish'd from the
There, ev'n just there, he stood ; and as she spoke
Where last the spectre was, she cast her look :
Fain wou'd she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground,
If any printed footsteps might be found.

Then sigh'd and said : This I too well foreknew ;
And my prophetic fear presag'd too true :
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part ;
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way !
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd ; e'en not in death disjoin'd !
So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there :
Now I die absent, in the vast profound ;
And me, without myself, the seas have drown'd.

The storms were not so cruel ; should I strive
 To lengthen life, and such a grief survive ?
 But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
 In death forsake, but keep thee company.
 If not one common sepulcher contains
 Our bodies, or one urn our last remains ;
 Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join
 Their names remember'd in one common line.

No farther voice her mighty grief affords ;
 For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,
 And stop'd her tongue ; but what her tongue deny'd,
 Soft tears, and groans, and dumb complaints supply'd.

'Twas morning ; to the port she takes her way,
 And stands upon the margin of the sea :
 That place, that very spot of ground she sought,
 Or thither by her destiny was brought,
 Where last he stood ; and while she sadly said,
 'Twas here he left me, lingring here, delay'd
 His parting kiss ; and there his anchors weigh'd.

Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions trace
 And call to mind, admonish'd by the place,
 Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
 And somewhat floating from afar descries ;
 It seem'd a corps adrift to distant sight ;
 But at a distance who could judge aright ?
 It wafted nearer yet ; and then she knew
 That what before she but surmis'd, was true :
 A corps it was, but whose it was, unknown,
 Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the case her own :
 Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man ;
 As for a stranger wept ; and thus began.

Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life!
 Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
 At this she paus'd; for now the flowing tide
 Had brought the body nearer to the side.
 The more she looks, the more her fears increase,
 At nearer sight; and she's herself the less.
 Now driv'n ashore, and at her feet it lies;
 She knows too much; in knowing whom, she sees
 Her husband's corps; at this she loudly shrieks,
 'Tis he! 'tis he! she cries, and tears her cheeks,
 Her hair, her vest, and stooping to the sands,
 About his neck she cast her trembling hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my life!
 Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife!
 She said, and to the neighb'ring mole she strode,
 (Rais'd there to break th' incursions of the flood;)
 Headlong from hence to plunge herself the springs,
 But shoots along, supported on her wings,
 A bird new-made about the bank she plies,
 Not far from shore; and short excursions tries;
 Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise,
 Content to skim the surface of the seas.
 Her bill, tho' slender, sends a creaking noise,
 And imitates a lamentable voice:
 Now lighting where the bloodless body lies,
 She with a funeral note renews her cries.
 At all her stretch her little wings she spread,
 And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead;
 Then flick'ring to his pallid lips, she strove
 To print a kiss, the last essay of love:
 Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
 Or that the moving waters rais'd his head,

To meet the kifs, the vulgar doubt alone;
 For fure a present miracle was shown.
 The gods their shapes to winter-birds tranflate;
 But both obnoxious to their former fate.
 Their conjugal affection ftill is ty'd,
 And ftill the mournful race is multiply'd:
 They bill, they tread; Alcyone comprefs'd,
 Sev'n days fits brooding on her floating neft:
 A wintry queen: Her fire at length is kind,
 Calms ev'ry ftorm, and hufhes ev'ry wind;
 Prepares his empire for his daughter's eafe;
 And for his hatching nephews fmooths the feas.

CEYX AND ALCYON

To meet the first the virgin hands
For sure a precious sacrifice was found,
The gods their thanks to justice paid,
But both oblations to their fathers sent,
Their conjugal affection still is true,
And still the mountain race is multiplied,
They still they stand; Alcyon's company
Saw a day her brooding on her floating nest;
A wintry season: Her life is kind,
Gains every season, and husbandry's reward,
I repeat his eagle's feeble's eagle's care;
And for his hapless partner's sake the first

Vol. IV. 1784

Vol. IV. 1784

THE
FLOWER and the LEAF:

OR, THE

L A D Y

IN THE

A R B O U R.

A
V I S I O N.

NOW turning from the wintry signs, the Sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run :
And whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus, and the lightsome realms of love ;
Where Venus from her orbs descends in show'rs,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flow'rs :
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds that yet the blast of Eurys fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year ;
Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their veins :
Then, at their call, embolden'd out they come,
And swell the gems, and burst the narrow room ;

Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,
 Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day.
 Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair,
 To scent the skies, and purge th' unwholsome air :
 Joy spreads the heart, and with a general song,
 Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
 And fought in sleep to pass the night away,
 I turn'd my weary side, but still in vain,
 Tho' full of youthful health, and void of pain :
 Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
 For love had never enter'd in my breast ;
 I wanted nothing fortune could supply,
 Nor did she slumber till that hour deny :
 I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
 Much joy had dry'd away the balmy dew :
 Seas wou'd be pools, without the brushing air,
 To curl the waves ; and sure some little care
 Shou'd weary nature so, to make her want repair.

When chanticleer the second watch had sung,
 Scorning the scorner Sleep from bed I sprung ;
 And dressing, by the moon, in loose array,
 Pass'd out in open air, preventing day ;
 And sought a goodly grove as fancy led my way.
 Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
 Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood ;
 Fresh was the grass beneath, and ev'ry tree
 At distance planted in a due degree ;
 Their branching arms in air with equal space
 Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace :
 And the new leaves on ev'ry bough were seen,
 Some ruddy-colour'd, some of lighter green.

The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing ;
Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire,
And list'n'd for the queen of all the quire ;
Fain would I hear her heav'nly voice to sing ;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path, but scarcely printed, lay ;
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly prefs'd by fairy feet.
Wand'ring I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought :
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood :
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
In all my progress I had never seen :
And seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green ;
The mound was newly made ; no sight cou'd pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass,
The well-united fods so closely lay ;
And all around the shades defended it from day.
For fycamours with eglantine were spread ;
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
And so the fragrant brier was wove between ;
The fycamour and flow'rs were mix'd with green ;
That Nature seem'd to vary the delight ;
And satisfy'd at once the smell and sight.

The master work-man of the bow'r was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon ;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew :
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell ;
For none but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parlour made ;
A soft recess, and a cool summer-shade :
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons plac'd within it could espy ;
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a field ; and some was plain
With grass ; and some was sow'd with rising grain.
'That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground :)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd, and look'd, and still with new delight ;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight :
And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whose odours were of pow'r to raise from death :
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit there ;
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe :
For this sweet place cou'd only pleasure know.

Thus, as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh ;
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was ev'ry bough.
A goldfinch there I saw with gawdy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd ; and still she drew
The sweets from ev'ry flow'r, and suck'd the dew :

Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note;
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleas'd my ear.

Her short performance was no sooner try'd,
When she I sought, the nightingale, reply'd :
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echo'd, and the valleys rung :
And I so ravish'd with her heav'nly note,
I stood intranc'd, and had no room for thought.
But all o'er-pow'r'd with extasy of blifs,
Was in a pleasing dream of paradise;
At length I wak'd; and looking round the bow'r,
Search'd ev'ry tree, and pry'd on ev'ry flow'r;
If any where by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody;
For still methought she sung not far away :
At last I found her on a laurel spray,
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line, against her opposite;
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd :
And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.

On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And ev'ry note I fear'd wou'd be the last.
My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd :
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place.

Single, and conscious to myself alone,
 Of pleasures to th' excluded world unknown,
 Pleasures which no where else were to be found;
 And all Elysium in a spot of ground.

Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
 And drew perfumes of more than vital air;
 All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound
 Of vocal music on th' enchanted ground:
 An host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire;
 As if the bless'd above did all conspire
 To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
 At length there issu'd from the grove behind
 A fair assembly of the female kind:
 A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
 Seduc'd the sons of heav'n to rebel.
 I pass their forms, and ev'ry charming grace,
 Less than an angel wou'd their worth debase:
 But their attire like liveries of a kind,
 All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.
 In velvet white as snow the troop was gown'd,
 The seams with sparkling emeralds set around;
 Their hoods and sleeves the same, and pursled o'er
 With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
 Of eastern pomp; their long descending train,
 With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the plain.
 High on their heads, with jewels richly set
 Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
 Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
 With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac'd;
 Of laurel some, of woodbine many more;
 And wreaths of Agnus Castus others bore.

These last who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,
Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.

They danc'd around, but in the midst was seen
A lady of more majestique mein;
By stature and by beauty mark'd their Sovereign
Queen.

She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servants eyes were fix'd upon her face;
And as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursu'd.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show.
A branch of Agnus Castus in her hand,
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command;)
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crow'd,
For whereso'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd.
And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young.

She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear;
And all the bending forest lent an ear.

At ev'ry close she made, th' attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burden of the song.

So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd.

Till round my arbour a new ring they made :
And footed it about the secret shade.

O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war ;
The neighing courfers, and the soldiers cry,
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky.
I saw soon after this, behind the grove,
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior-train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
New to the flow'rs, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their courfers were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.

To tell their costly furniture were long ;
The Summers day wou'd end before the song.
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian Monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will. Before the rest
The trumpets issu'd in white mantles dress'd ;
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial oak were crown'd,
And at each trumpet was a banner bound ;
Which waving in the wind display'd at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.

Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue;
A purer web the silk-worm never drew.
The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er.
Broad were their collars too, and ev'ry one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these of Kings at arms, a goodly train,
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain.
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,
And garlands green around their temples roll'd.
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd,
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd.
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So these in habits were alike arrayed ;
But with a pace more sober, and more slow;
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a-row.
The pursuivants came next in number more,
And, like the heralds, each his scutcheon bore.
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.

Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed:
In golden armour glorious to behold ;
The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
Their surcoats of white ermin fur were made,
With cloth of gold between, that cast a glitt'ring shade.
The trappings of their steeds were of the same ;
The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame,
And drew a precious trail ; a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.

Three henchmen were for ev'ry knight assign'd,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind.

White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore;
 And each within his hand a truncheon bore.
 The foremost held a helm of rare device,
 A prince's ransom wou'd not pay the price.
 The second bore the buckler of his knight;
 The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,
 Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright.
 Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
 And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green.

And after these came arm'd with spear and shield
 An host so great as cover'd all the field;
 And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
 With laurels ever green were shaded o'er,
 Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
 Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
 Some in their hands, besides the lance and shield,
 The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held;
 Or branches for their mystique emblems took,
 Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial oak.

Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,
 Drawn in two lines adverse, they wheel'd around;
 And in the middle meadow took their ground.
 Among themselves the tourney they divide,
 In equal squadrons rang'd on either side.
 Then turn'd their horses heads, and man to man,
 And steed to steed oppos'd, the jousts began.
 They lightly set their lances in the rest,
 And, at the sign, against each other press'd:
 They met, I sitting at my ease beheld
 The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
 Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and man;
 And round the fields the lighten'd couriers ran.

An hour and more, like tides in equal sway,
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the day :
At length the nine (who still together held)
Their fainting foes to shameful fight compell'd,
And with resistless force, o'er-ran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty steeds alight ;
Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain :
'Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,
Who near the secret arbour sung and danc'd.

The ladies left their measures at the sight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her chosen
knight.

Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
'The grace and ornament of all the wood :
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
From sudden April show'rs, a shelter from the heat.
Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there.
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war ;
From heav'n's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and shun'd the scorching heat ;
A hundred knights might there at ease abide ;
And ev'ry knight a lady by his side :
The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.

The lords and ladies, here approaching, paid
 Their homage, with a low obeisance made :
 And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade.
 These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue,
 With songs of love, and mix with measures new ;
 Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
 And every champion leads his chosen dame.
 I cast my sight upon the farther field,
 And a fresh object of delight beheld :
 For from the region of the west I heard
 New music found, and a new troop appear'd
 Of knights and ladies mix'd, a jolly band ;
 But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.

The ladies dress'd in rich symmars were seen
 Of Florence fatten flow'r'd with white and green,
 And for a shade betwixt the gloomy gridelin :
 The borders of their petticoats below
 Were guarded thick with rubies on a row ;
 And every damsel wore upon her head
 Of flow'rs a garland blended white and red.
 Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
 That gratify'd the view with chearful green :
 Their chaplets of their ladies colours were
 Compos'd of white and red to shade their shining hair.
 Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd ;
 All in their master's liveries were array'd,
 And clad in green, and on their temples wore
 The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
 Their instruments were various in their kind,
 Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind ;
 The sawtry, pipe, and hautbois noisy band,
 And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.

A tuft of daisies on a flow'ry lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way.
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay;
And still at every close she wou'd repeat
The burden of the song, "The Daisy is so sweet!"
The daisy is so sweet when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continu'd on.
The concert and the voice so charm'd my ear,
And sooth'd my soul, that it was heav'n to hear.

But soon their pleasure pass'd. At noon of day
The sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his pois'nous breath he blasts the sky;
Then droop'd the fading flow'rs (their beauty fled)
And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head;
And shrivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed. }
The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire;
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire;
The fainty knights were scorch'd; and knew not where
To run for shelter, for no shade was near.
And after this the gathering clouds amain,
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain,
And lightning flash betwixt: The field and flow'rs
Burn'd up before, were bury'd in the show'rs.
The ladies, and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather, and the wintry sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate and wan;
And through their thin array receiv'd the rain.

While those in white, protected by the tree,
Saw pass the vain assault, and stood from danger free.
But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the winds,
Displeas'd at what, not suff'ring, they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green :
The queen in white array before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand ;
So did the knights and dames with courtly grace
And with behaviour sweet their foes embrace.
Then thus the queen, with laurel on her brow,
Fair sister I have suffer'd in your woe ;
Nor shall be wanting aught within my pow'r
For your relief in my refreshing bow'r.
That other answer'd with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took :
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courtesy was us'd by all in white,
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and ev'ry knight a knight.
The laurel-champions with their swords invade
The neighb'ring forests where the jousts were made ;
And ferewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke :
A chearful blaze arose, and by the fire, [tire.
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dry'd their wet at-
Refresh'd with heat, the ladies fought around
For virtuous herbs, which, gather'd from the ground,
They squeez'd the juice, and cooling ointment made,
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks and their chapt skins
they laid :

Then fought green salads which they bade 'em eat,
A sovereign remedy for inward heat.

The Lady of the Leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the Lady of the Flow'r her guest;
When lo, a bow'r ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats adorn'd, and large for either train.
This bow'r was near my pleasant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd.
The ladies sat, and each a knight between
Distinguish'd by their colours, white and green;
The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Mean time the minstrels play'd on either side;
Vain of their art, and for the mast'ry vy'd;
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And reach'd my secret arbour from the bow'r.

The sun was set; and Vesper to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky;
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of th' ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white;
And hopping fat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.

The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And hid in bushes 'scap'd the bitter show'r,
Now perch'd upon the Lady of the Flow'r;
And either songster holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes;
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by night.

The banquet ended, and the battle done,
 They danc'd by star-light and the friendly moon:
 And when they were to part, the Laureat Queen
 Supply'd with steeds the Lady of the Green;
 Her and her train conducting on the way
 The moon to follow, and avoid the day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know
 The secret moral of the mystic show,
 I started from my shade, in hopes to find
 Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind:
 And as my fair adventure fell, I found
 A lady all in white with laurel crown'd,
 Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,
 Repeating to herself the former song.
 With due respect my body I inclin'd,
 As to some being of superior kind,
 And made my court, according to the day,
 Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
 Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious bow,
 She said; and I, who much desir'd to know
 Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
 My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak.
 Madam, might I presume, and not offend,
 So may the stars and shining moon attend
 Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell
 What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,
 And what the knights who fought in list'd fields so
 well.

To this the dame reply'd, Fair daughter, know
 That what you saw was all a fairy show;
 And all those airy shapes you now behold [mold:
 Were human bodies once, and cloath'd with earthly

Our souls not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of night;
This only holiday of all the year,
We privileg'd in sun-shine may appear;
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours usher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the moon:
But when the morn arises, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round;
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
He drives the wretch before, and lashes into night.

All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger space
Than what is known to you of mortal race;
Where we with green adorn our fairy bow'rs,
And ev'n this grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther; ev'ry lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel ev'ry knight,
Are servants to the Leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myself am one.
Saw you not her, so graceful to behold,
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold;
The sovereign lady of our land is she,
Diana call'd, the Queen of Chastity;
And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
That Agnus Castus in her hand appears;
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd:
But those the chief and highest in command,
Who bear those holy branches in their hand:

The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are they
Whom death nor danger ever cou'd dismay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey:
Who while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
And after death for deities were held.

But those who wear the woodbine on their brow
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow:
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.
The lords and ladies who the woodbine bear,
As true as Tristram and Isotta were.

But what are those, said I, th' unconquer'd nine,
Who, crown'd with laurel wreaths in golden armour
shine?

And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain?

Why both the bands in worship disagree,
And some adore the flow'r, and some the tree?

Just is your suit, fair daughter, said the dame;
Those laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty fame;
Nine worthies were they call'd, of diff'rent rites,
Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian Knights.
These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,
As they the foremost rank of honour held,
And in all deeds of chivalry excell'd.

Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still renew;
For deathless laurel is the victor's due:
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemain;
For bows, the strength of brawny arms, imply
Emblems of valour and of victory.

Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their state;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince;
Unchang'd by fortune, to their sovereign true;
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
These, of the garter call'd, of faith unstain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid those honours which they gain'd.
The laurel wreaths were first by Caesar worn,
And still they Caesar's successors adorn:
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth than all the world can buy.

One doubt remains, said I, the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen?
Flora commands, said she, those nymphs and knights,
Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose delights:
Who never acts of honour durst pursue;
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue:
Who nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports;
Till death behind came stalking on, unseen,
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of their green.
These and their mates enjoy the present hour,
And therefore pay their homage to the Flower.
But knights in knightly deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were;
Continue and proceed in honour's fair career.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
From good to better they should urge their way.
For this with golden spurs the chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste;

For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound;
 For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd; [ground:
 Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to
 From winter winds it suffers no decay,
 For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry month is May;
 Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below,
 Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow;
 The life is in the leaf, and still between
 The fits of falling snows appears the streaky green.
 Not so the flow'r, which lasts for little space,
 A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
 This way and that the feeble stem is driv'n,
 Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of heav'n:
 Prop'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
 But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed;
 In summer living, and in winter dead.
 For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
 Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are decay'd.

With humble words, the wisest I could frame,
 And profer'd service I repaid the dame:
 That of her grace she gave her maid to know
 The secret meaning of this moral show.
 And she, to prove what profit I had made
 Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
 Demanded, till the next returning May,
 Whether the Leaf or Flow'r I would obey?
 I chose the Leaf; she smil'd with sober cheer,
 And wish'd me fair adventure for the year.
 And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
 Against ill tongues that scandal innocence.
 But I, said she, my fellows must pursue,
 Already past the plain, and out of view.

We parted thus; I homeward sped my way,
 Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day :
 And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May.
 Then late refresh'd with sleep I rose to write
 The visionary vigils of the night.
 Blush, as thou may'st, my little book, for shame,
 Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame;
 For such thy maker chose; and so design'd
 Thy simple stile to suit thy lowly kind.

F 4

'T WAS at the Royal Hall, for Anna when
 By Philip's will she sat
 Aloft in white state
 The god-like beauty sat
 On his imperial throne
 His valiant peers were plac'd around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle braid,
 (So should a desert in arms be crown'd)
 The lovely Thais by his side,
 Like a blooming eastern bride,
 In dress of youth and beauty's prime,
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserve the fair.

ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR, THE
POWER of MUSIC.

AN
O D E.

In HONOUR of
St CÆCILIA's DAY.

M,DC,XCVII.

I.

TWAS at the Royal Feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son :

Aloft in awful state

The god-like heroe fate

On his imperial throne :

His valiant peers were plac'd around :

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

(So shou'd desert in arms be crown'd :)

The lovely Thais by his side,

Sate like a blooming eastern bride,

In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair !

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

C H O R U S.

Happy, happy, happy pair !

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high

Amid the tuneful quire,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove;

Who left his blissful seats above,

(Such is the pow'r of mighty love.)

A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god :

Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair Olympia press'd :

And while he sought her snowy breast :

Then, round her slender waist he curl'd, [world.

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the

The listning crowd admire the lofty sound ;

A present diety, they shout around :

A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears;

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

*With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears ;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.*

III.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung ;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums :
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes ! he comes !
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain :
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
Drinking is the soldiers pleasure :
Rich the treasure ;
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
Drinking is the soldiers pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

IV.

Sooth'd with the found the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ; (the slain.
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he flew
 The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate
 And weltring in his blood :
 Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed :
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With down-cast looks the joyless victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

C H O R U S.

*Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.*

V.

The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred found to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures :
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying.

Lovely Thais sits besides thee ;

Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause :
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair,

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair,

Who caus'd his care,

*And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.*

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep afunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair !
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy :

Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey;
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy :

*Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.*

VII.

Thus, long ago,
 'Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Cou'd swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

:Grand CHORUS.

*At last, divine Caecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.*

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
OVID

HIS
METAMORPHOSES,

Wholly translated.

Connction to the end of the Eleventh Book.

Æsacus, the son of Priam, loving a country-life, forsakes the court: Living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who flying from him, was kill'd by a serpent: For grief of this, he wou'd have drown'd himself; but by the pity of the gods, is turn'd into a cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead; and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summ'd up, in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems more short than virgil, contrary to his usual stile. Yet the house of Fame, which is here describ'd, is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithae and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this poet: And particularly the loves and death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

PR I A M, to whom the story was unknown,
 As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son :
 A cenotaph his name and title kept,
 And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers, wept.

This pious office Paris did not share,
 Absent alone, and author of the war,
 Which, for the Spartan Queen, the Grecians drew
 T' avenge the rape; and Asia to subdue.

A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the sea :
 Nor had their just resentments found delay,
 Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way.
 At Aulis, with united pow'rs they meet,
 But there cross-winds or calms detain'd the fleet.

Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
 And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore ;
 A boding sign the priests and people see :
 A snake, of size immense, ascends a tree.
 And in the leafy summit, spy'd a nest,
 Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow press'd.
 Eight were the birds unfledg'd ; their mother flew,
 And hover'd round her care ; but still in view :
 Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood ;
 Then seiz'd the flutt'ring dam, and drunk her blood.
 This dire ostent the fearful people view ;
 Calchas alone, by Phoebus taught, foreknew
 What heav'n decreed ; and with a smiling glance,
 Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
 O Argives, we shall conquer : Troy is ours ;
 But long delays shall first afflict our pow'rs :
 Nine years of labour the nine birds portend ;
 The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.

'The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd;
The branches in his curl'd embraces held :
But, as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone :
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.

Yet, not for this, the wind-bound navy weigh'd,
Slack were their sails ; and Neptune disobey'd.
Some thought him loath the town shou'd be destroy'd,
Whose building had his hands divine employ'd.
Not so the Seer ; who knew, and known, foreshow'd,
The virgin Phoebe, with a virgin's blood
Must first be reconcil'd ; the common cause
Prevail'd ; and pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array'd :
All mourn her fate ; but no relief appear'd ;
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd :
When that offended pow'r, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath, and stopp'd the coming blow.
A mist before the ministers she cast ;
And, in the virgin's room a hind she plac'd.
Th' oblation slain, and Phoebe reconcil'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smil'd :
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd the Grecian gallies bore.

Full in the midst of this created space,
Betwixt heav'n, earth, and skies, there stands a place,
Confining on all three with triple bound ;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd a-

round,
And thither bring their undulating sound.
The palace of loud Fame, her seat of pow'r ;
Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tow'r ;



A thousand winding ent'ries long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news:
Where echoes in repeated echoes play;
A mart for ever full; and open night and day.
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease.
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides receding from th' insulted shore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds, or issuing forth, or ent'ring in:
A thorough-fare of news; where some devise
Things never heard; some mingle truth with lies;
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat;
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there, with added train
Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near; [fear.
And rumours rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and pannic
Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above; enquiring all around.
The goddess gives th' alarm; and soon is known
The Grecian fleet descending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: By Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand:

Which with expence of blood the Grecians won;
 And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's son.
 And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
 The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.

From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
 Was strew'd with carcases, and slain'd with gore:
 Neptuman Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain;
 Achilles in his carr had scow'r'd the plain,
 And clear'd the Trojan ranks; where'er he fought,
 Cygnus or Hector through the fields he fought.
 Cygnus he found; on him his force essay'd:
 For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
 His white man'd steeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke
 He cheer'd to courage with a gentle stroak;
 Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe,
 And rising, shook his lance, in act to throw.
 But first he cry'd, O youth, be proud to bear
 Thy death, enobled by Pelides' spear.
 The lance pursu'd the voice without delay;
 Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way;
 But pierc'd his cuirass, with such fury sent,
 And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
 At this the seed of Neptune, goddess-born,
 For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;
 This helm and heavy buckler I can spare,
 As only decorations of the war:
 So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
 'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
 Than from a daughter of the sea to spring:
 Thy fire is mortal; mine is Ocean's king.
 Secure of death; I shou'd contemn thy dart,
 Tho' naked, and impassable, depart.

He said and threw: The trembling weapon pass'd
Through nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd
On his broad shield, and stuck within the last.

Achilles wrench'd it out, and sent again

The hostile gift; the hostile gift was vain.

He try'd a third; a tough well-chosen spear;

Th' inviolable body stood sincere;

Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,

But scornful offer'd his unshielded side.

Not otherwise th' impatient hero far'd,

Than as a bull, incompass'd with a guard,

Amid the circus roars, provok'd from far

By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war:

They quit their ground; his bended horns elude;

In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.

Before to farther fight he would advance,

He stood considering, and survey'd his lance.

Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear

Without a point: He look'd; the point was there.

This is my hand, and this my lance, he said,

By which so many thousand foes are dead.

O whither is their usual virtue fled!

I had it once; and the Lyrnessian wall,

And Tenedos confess'd it in their fall.

Thy streams, Caicus, roll'd a crimson flood,

And Thebes ran red with her own natives blood.

Twice Telephus employ'd this piercing steel,

To wound him first, and afterwards to heal.

The vigour of this arm was never vain;

And that my wonted prowess I retain,

Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain.

He said; and doubtful of his former deeds,
To some new trial of his force proceeds.
He chose Menaetes from among the rest;
At him he launch'd his spear, and pierc'd his breast:
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay supine, and forth the spirit fled.

Then thus the hero: Neither can I blame,
The hand or javelin; both are still the same.
The same I will employ against this foe;
And wish but with the same success to throw.
So spoke the chief; and while he spoke he threw;
The weapon with unerring fury flew,
At his left shoulder aim'd; nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound,
Harmless return'd: A bloody mark appear'd,
Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.
Wound there was none; the blood that was in view
The lance before from slain Menaetus drew.

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty carr,
And in close fight on foot renews the war.
Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows;
Nor shield nor armour can their force oppose;
Huge cantlets of his buckler strew the ground,
And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
But on his flesh no wound or blood is seen;
The sword itself is blunted on the skin.

This vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: The son of Neptune, stunn'd.
With these repeated buffets, quits his ground;
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night:
Inverted nature swims before his sight:

Th' insulting victor presses on the more,
 And treads the steps the vanquish'd trode before;
 Nor rest nor respite gives: A stone there lay
 Behind his trembling foe, and stopp'd his way.
 Achilles took th' advantage which he found,
 O'erturn'd, and push'd him backward on the ground.
 His buckler held him under, while he press'd
 With both his knees above his panting breast.
 Unlac'd his helm; about his chin the twist
 He ty'd, and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.

With eager haste he went to strip the dead:
 The vanish'd body from his arms was fled.
 His sea-god sire, t' immortalize his fame,
 Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.

A truce succeeds the labours of this day,
 And arms suspended with a long delay.
 While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward,
 The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard.
 The feast approach'd; when to the blue-ey'd maid
 His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
 And a white heifer on her altar laid.

The reeking intrails on the fire they threw;
 And to the gods the grateful odor flew:
 Heav'n had its part in sacrifice; the rest
 Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast.
 The chief invited guests were set around;
 And hunger first assuag'd, the bowls were crown'd,
 Which in deep draughts their cares and labours
 drown'd.

The mellow harp did not their ears employ;
 And mute was all the warlike symphony:

Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,
 And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night.
 The subject, deeds of arms, and valour shown,
 Or on the Trojan side, or on their own.
 Of dangers undertaken, fame achiev'd,
 They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns reliev'd.
 What things but these cou'd fierce Achilles tell?
 Or what cou'd fierce Achilles hear so well?
 The last great act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,
 Did most the martial audience entertain.
 Wond'ring to find a body free by fate
 From steel, and which cou'd ev'n that steel rebate:
 Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
 And scarce Pelides cou'd believe it true.

Then Nestor thus: What once this age has known,
 In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
 Those eyes have seen in Caeneus long before,
 Whose body not a thousand swords cou'd bore.
 Caeneus in courage and in strength excell'd,
 And still his Othrys with his fame is fill'd:
 But what did most his martial deeds adorn,
 (Though since he chang'd his sex), a woman born.

A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
 His list'ning audience ask'd him to relate.
 Achilles thus commends their common suit;
 O father, first for prudence in repute,
 Tell, with that eloquence so much thy own,
 What thou hast heard, or what of Caeneus known:
 What was he; whence his change of sex begun;
 What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
 Who conquer'd him; and in what fatal strife
 The youth, without a wound, cou'd lose his life?

Neleides then: Though tardy age and time
Have shrunk my sinews and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my store;
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.
Of all that arms atchiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind
Than aught beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.

'Twas in my second cent'ry I survey'd
Young Caenis, then a fair Thessalian maid:
Caenis the bright was born to high command,
A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles; ev'ry tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy sire, perhaps had sought her bed,
Among the rest; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promise ty'd:
But she to him, and all, alike her love deny'd.

It was her fortune once to take her way
Along the sandy margin of the sea:
The pow'r of Ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And lov'd as soon as seen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys, the ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the nymph he cry'd;
Ask what thou wilt, no pray'r shall be deny'd.
This also Fame relates: The haughty fair,
Who not the rape, ev'n of a god, cou'd bear,
This answer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompence, of right, belongs;
Give me no more to suffer such a shame;
But change the woman for a better name.

One gift for all : She said ; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took.

A man she was ; and as the godhead swore,
To Caeneus turn'd, who Caenis was before.

To this the lover adds without request :
No force of steel shou'd violate his breast.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes,
And arms among the Greeks ; and longs for equal foes.

Now brave Perithous, bold Ixion's son,
The love of fair Hippodame had won.

The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beast,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast :

In a cool cave's recess, the treat was made,
Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'ershade.

They sat ; and, summon'd by the bridegroom, came
To mix with those the Lapithæan name :

Nor wanted I. The roofs with joy resound,
And Hymen, Io Hymen ! rung around.

Rais'd altars shone with holy fires ; the bride,
Lovely herself (and lovely by her side

A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace,)
Came glitt'ring like a star ; and took her place.

Her heav'nly form beheld, all wish'd her joy ;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all employ.

For one, most brutal of the brutal brood ;
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,

Or both at once ; beheld with lustful eyes
The bride ; at once resolv'd to make his prize.

Down went the board, and fastning on her hair,
He seiz'd with sudden force the frightened fair.

'Twas Eurytus began : His bestial kind
His crime pursu'd ; and each as pleas'd his mind,

Or her, whom chance presented, took ; the feast
An image of a taken town express'd.

The cave resounds with female shrieks ; we rise,
Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprise :
And Theseus first : What frenzy has possess'd,
O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal breast,
To wrong Perithous, and not him alone,
But while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one ?

To justify his threat, he thrusts aside
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride ;
The monster nought reply'd ; for words were vain ;
And deeds cou'd only deeds unjust maintain ;
But answers with his hand ; and forward press'd,
With blows redoubled on his face and breast.
An ample goblet stood, of antic mold,
And rough with figures of the rising gold ;
The hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in air,
Full at the front of the foul ravisher.

He falls ; and falling vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled blood.

Half roaring, and half neighing through the hall,
Arms ! arms ! the double form'd with fury call ;
To wreak their brother's death : A medley-flight
Of bowls and jars at first supply the fight ;
Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate :
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.

Bold Amycus, from the robb'd vestry brings
The chalices of heav'n, and holy things
Of precious weight ; a sconce, that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd, to light the sacristy,
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band :

On Celadon the ruin fell, and left
 His face of feature and of form bereft.
 So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks,
 Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
 His eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to ground;
 His nose dismantled, in his mouth is found,
 His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd wound,
 This, Belates, th' avenger, cou'd not brook;
 But, by the foot a maple-board he took;
 And hurl'd at Amycus; his chin it bent
 Against his chest, and down the centaur sent:
 Whom sputtering bloody teeth, the second blow
 Of his drawn sword dispatch'd to shades below.

Grineus was near; and cast a furious look
 On the side altar, cens'd with sacred smoke,
 And bright with flaming fires; the gods he cry'd,
 Have with their holy trade our hands supply'd:
 Why use we not their gifts? then from the floor
 An altar-stone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:
 Altar and altar's freight together flew,
 Where thickest throng'd the Lapithæan crew;
 And Broteus and at once Oryus flew:
 Oryus mother, Mycale, was known
 Down from her sphere to draw the lab'ring moon.

Exadius cry'd, Unpunish'd shall not go
 This fact, if arms are found against the foe.
 He look'd about, where on a pine were spread
 The votive horns of a stag's branching head:
 At Grineus these he throws; so just they fly,
 That the sharp antlers stuck in either eye.
 Breathless and blind he fell; with blood besmear'd;
 His eye-balls, beaten out, hung dangling on his beard.

Fierce Rhaetus from the hearth a burning brand
 Selects, and whirling waves; till from his hand
 The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the right,
 On fair Charaxus temples, near the sight:
 The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone,
 And caught the yellow hair, that shrivel'd while it shone;
 Caught, like dry stubble fir'd, or like seerwood;
 Yet from the wound ensu'd no purple flood;
 But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood.
 His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound;
 And hiss'd, like red hot iron, within the smithy drown'd.
 The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
 Then (what a team of horse cou'd hardly rear)
 He heaves the threshold-stone, but could not throw;
 The weight itself forbad the threaten'd blow;
 Which dropping from his lifted arms, came down;
 Full on Cometes' head, and crush'd his crown.
 Nor Rhaetus then retain'd his joy, but said;
 So by their fellows may our foes be sped;
 Then, with redoubled strokes he plies his head:
 The burning lever not deludes his pains,
 But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.

Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
 Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursu'd:
 First, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he slew;
 Whose fall, when fierce Evagrus had in view,
 He cry'd, What palm is from a beardless prey?
 Rhaetus prevents what more he had to say;
 And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
 Which enter'd hissing in, and choak'd his breath.
 At Dryas next he slew: But weary chance
 No longer won'd the same success advance.

For while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
 The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas found;
 And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
 The weapon stuck; which, roaring out with pain,
 He drew; nor longer durst the fight maintain,
 But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled amain.
 With him fled Orneus, with like dread possess'd;
 Thaummas, and Medon wounded in the breast;
 And Mermeros in the late race renown'd,
 Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
 Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
 And Abas maim'd, who boars encountring flew:
 And augur Astylos, whose art in vain
 From fight dissuaded the four-footed train,
 Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the plain;
 But to his fellow cry'd, be safely slow,
 Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.

Mean time strong Dryas urg'd his chance so well,
 That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell;
 All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
 Crenaeus fled, to fall with more disgrace:
 For, fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore
 Betwixt his nose and front, the blow before.
 Amid the noise and tumult of the fray,
 Snoring, and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay;
 Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept;
 And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.
 Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd;
 Take thy next draught, with Stygian waters mix'd,
 And sleep thy fill, th' insulting victor cry'd;
 Surpris'd with death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;

The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his soul,
Repas'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.

I saw P'etraeus' arms employ'd around ;
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way and that he wrench'd the fibrous bands ;
The trunk was like a sappling in his hands,
And still obey'd the bent ; while thus he stood,
Perithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood.
Lycus and Chromys fell by him oppress'd :
Helops and Dictys added to the rest
A nobler palm : Helops, through either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear.
This, Dictys saw ; and seiz'd with sudden fright,
Leapt headlong from the hill of steepy height ;
And crush'd an ash beneath, that cou'd not bear his
weight :

The shatter'd tree receives his fall ; and strikes
Within his full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd spikes.
Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty stone,
The fragment of a rock ; and wou'd have thrown ;
But Theseus with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke ;
And left him maim'd ; nor seconded the stroke.
Then leapt on tall Bianor's back ; (who bore
No mortal burden but his own before ;)
Press'd with his knees his sides ; the double man,
His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks ;
His other ply'd him with repeated strokes.
The club rung round his ears, and batter'd brows ;
He falls, and, lashing up his heels, his rider throws.

The same Herculean arms, Nedymnus wound,
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground.
And Hippafus, whose beard his breast invades,
And Ripheus, haunter of the wood-land shades;
And Tereus us'd with mountain-bears to strive,
And from their dens to draw th' indignant beasts alive.

Demoleon cou'd not bear this hateful sight,
Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight:
But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root stuck fast, the broken trunk he sent
At Theseus, Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To shun, (for so he said, and we believ'd it so.)
Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was cast,
Which Crantor's body funder'd at the waist.
Thy father's squire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom conquer'd in the Dolopeian war,
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.

Thy fire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate,
And cry'd, Not long, lov'd Crantor, shalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge. At once he said, and threw
His ashen spear, which quiver'd as it flew;
With all his force and all his soul apply'd,
The sharp point enter'd in the centaur's side.
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster-join'd,
And wrench'd it out, and left but steel behind.
Stuck in his lungs it stood; inrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
His head, his other hand the lance protends.

Ev'n while he lay extended on the dust,
 He sped the centaur with one single thrust.
 Two more, his lance before transfix'd from far;
 And two his sword had slain in cloſer war.
 To theſe was added Dorylas, who ſpread
 A bull's two goring horns around his head:
 With theſe he push'd, in blood already dy'd:
 Him, fearleſs, I approach'd, and thus defy'd;
 Now monſter, now, by proof it ſhall appear,
 Whether thy horns are ſharper or my ſpear.
 At this, I threw; for want of other ward,
 He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
 His hand it paſs'd, and fix'd it to his brow;
 Loud ſhouts of ours attend the lucky blow.
 Him Peleus finiſh'd, with a ſecond wound,
 Which through the navel pierc'd, he reel'd around;
 And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground;
 Trod what he dregg'd, and what he trod he crush'd,
 And to his mother-earth, with empty belly ruſh'd.

Nor cou'd thy form, O Cyllarus, foreſlow
 Thy fate, (if form to monſters men allow;)
 Juſt bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue;
 Thy locks in golden waves about thy ſhoulders flew;
 Sprightly thy look; thy ſhapes in ev'ry part
 So clean, as might inſtruct the ſculptor's art:
 As far as man extended, where began
 The beaſt, the beaſt was equal to the man;
 Add but a horſe's head and neck, and he,
 O Caſtor, was a courſer worthy thee:
 So was his back proportion'd for the ſeat;
 So roſe his brawny cheſt, ſo ſwiftly mov'd his feet.

Coal black his colour, but like it jet it shone;
 His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
 Belov'd by many maidens of his kind;
 But fair Hylonome possess'd his mind:
 Hylonome, for features and for face,
 Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
 Nor less her blandishments than beauty move;
 At once both loving, and confessing love.
 For him she dress'd; for him, with female care,
 She comb'd and set in curls her auborn hair.
 Of roses, violets, and lillies mix'd,
 And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
 She form'd the chaplet that adorn'd her front:
 In waters of the P'egasean fount,
 And in the streams that from the fountain play,
 She wash'd her face, and bath'd her twice a day.
 The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
 Was ermin, or the panther's spotted pride;
 Spoils of no common beast. With equal flame
 They lov'd; their sylvan pleasures were the same:
 All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
 Together to some shady cave retir'd.
 Invited to the nuptials, both repair;
 And side by side they both engage in war.

Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
 At Cyllarus was sent; which pierc'd his heart.
 The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
 He faints with stagg'ring steps, and seeks the ground:
 The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
 And strove his wand'ring spirits to recal:
 And while her hand the streaming blood oppos'd,
 Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she clos'd.

Stiffled with kisses, a sweet death he dies;
 She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries:
 At least her words were in her clamour drown'd,
 For my stunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal sound:
 In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart
 New drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
 To her bare bosom the sharp point apply'd;
 And wounded fell; and falling by his side,
 Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing, dy'd. }

Ev'n still methinks I see Phaeocomes;
 Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.
 Six lions hides, with thongs together fast,
 His upper part defended to his waist;
 And where man ended, the continued vest
 Spread on his back the hoofs and trappings of a beast.
 A stump too heavy for a team to draw:
 (It seems a fable, though the fact I saw;)
 He threw at Pholon; the descending blow
 Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in two.
 The brains, from nose and mouth, and either ear,
 Came issuing out, as through a colendar
 The curdled milk; or from the press the whey,
 Driv'n down by weights above, is drain'd away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
 Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
 Then Chthonyus, and Teleboas I flew:
 A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw.
 The javelin wounded me; (behold the scar.)
 Then was my time to seek the Trojan war;
 Then was I Hector's match in open field;
 But he was then unborn; at least a child:

Now I am nothing. I forbear to tell
 By Periphrantas how Pyretus fell;
 The Centaur by the knight; nor will I stay
 On Amphyx, or what deaths he dealt that day:
 What honour with a pointless lance he won,
 Stuck in the front of a four-footed man;
 What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight;
 Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.
 How prophet Mopfus, not alone divin'd,
 Whose valour equall'd his foreseeing mind.

Already Caeneus, with his conquering hand,
 Had slaughter'd five, the boldest of their band.
 Pyrachus, Helymus, Antimachus,
 Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus.
 Their names I number'd, and remember well,
 No trace remaining by what wounds they fell.

Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race,
 Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace,
 In years retaining still his youthful might,
 Though his black hairs were interspers'd with white,
 Betwixt th' imbattled ranks began to prance,
 Proud of his helm and Macedonian lance;
 And rode the ring around; that either host
 Might hear him, while he made this empty boast.
 And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame,
 For Caenis still, not Caeneus is thy name:
 And still the native softness of thy kind
 Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind?
 Remember what thou wert; what price was paid
 To change thy sex; to make thee not a maid;
 And but a man in shew: Go, card and spin;
 And leave the business of the war to men.

While thus the boaster exercis'd his pride,
 The fatal spear of Caeneus reach'd his side:
 Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran,
 Betwixt the nether beast and upper man:
 The monster, mad with rage, and stung with smart,
 His lance directed at the hero's heart:
 It struck; but bounded from his harden'd breast,
 Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest.
 Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come
 Than a small pebble falling on a drum.
 He next his faulchion try'd in closer fight;
 But the keen faulchion had no pow'r to bite.
 He thrust; the blunted point return'd again:
 Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thrusts are vain,
 I'll prove his side: In strong embraces held
 He prov'd his side; his side the sword repell'd:
 His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke;
 Untouch'd his body as a solid rock;
 Aim'd at his neck at last the blade in shivers broke.

Th' impassive knight stood idle, to deride,
 His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side:
 At length, Now monster, in thy turn he cry'd,
 Try thou the strength of Caeneus. At the word
 He thrust, and in his shoulder plung'd the sword.
 Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down
 Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one.

The centaurs saw enrag'd th' unhop'd success,
 And rushing on in crowds together press;
 At him, and him alone, their darts they threw;
 Repuls'd, they from his fated body flew.
 Amaz'd they stood; till Monychus began,
 O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man!

A woman-man! yet more a man is he
 Than all our race; and what he was are we.
 Now, what avail our nerves? the united force
 Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse?
 Nor goddess-born, nor of Ixion's seed
 We seem, (a lover built for Juno's bed,)
 Master'd by this half man. Whole mountains throw
 With woods at once, and bury him below.
 This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
 To choak the soul within, though not to force it out.
 Heap weights, instead of wounds. He chanc'd to see
 Where southern storms had rooted up a tree;
 This, rais'd from earth, against the foe he threw;
 Th' exemple shewn, his fellow brutes brutes pursue.
 With forest-loads the warrior they invade;
 Othrys and Pelion soon were void of shade;
 And spreading groves were naked mountains made.
 Press'd with the burden, Caeneus pants for breath,
 And on his shoulders bears the wooden death.
 To heave th' intolerable weight he tries;
 At length it rose above his mouth and eyes:
 Yet still he heaves, and, struggling with despair,
 Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air:
 A short relief, which but prolongs his pain;
 He faints by fits, and then respire again:
 At last the burden only nods above,
 As when an earthquake stirs th' Idaean grove.
 Doubtful his death; he suffocated seem'd
 To most, but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd;
 Who said he saw a yellow bird arise
 From out the pile, and cleave the liquid skies:

I saw it too, with golden feathers bright;
 Nor e're before beheld so strange a sight.
 Whom Mopfus viewing, as it soar'd around
 Our troop, and heard the pinnions rattling sound;
 All hail he cry'd, thy country's grace and love!
 Once first of men below; now first of birds above.
 Its author to the story gave belief:
 For us, our courage was increas'd by grief.
 Asham'd to see a single man, pursu'd
 With odds, to sink beneath a multitude;
 We push'd the foe, and forc'd to shameful flight;
 Part fell, and part escap'd by favour of the night.

This tale, by Nestor told, did much displease
 'Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules;
 For, often he had heard his father say,
 'That he himself was present at the fray,
 And more than shar'd the glories of the day.

Old chronicle, he said, among the rest,
 You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
 Is he not worth your praise? the Pylian prince
 Sigh'd e'er he spoke, then made this proud defence.
 My former woes in long oblivion drown'd,
 I wou'd have lost; but you renew the wound:
 Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
 The cause I have your mighty fire to hate.
 His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky;
 (Which, Oh, I wish, with truth, I cou'd deny!)
 We praise not Hector, though his name we know
 Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praise a foe.

He, your great father, levell'd to the ground
 Messenia's tow'rs; no better fortune found

Elis, and Pylos ; that a neighb'ring state,
And this my own ; both guiltless of their fate.

To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew,
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew ;
All youths of early promise, had they liv'd ;
By him they perish'd : I alone surviv'd.
The rest were easy conquest : But the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.
To him, our common grandfire of the main [again.
Had given to change his form ; and, chang'd, resume
Vary'd at pleasure, every shape he try'd ;
And in all beasts Alcides still defy'd :
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above ;
Chang'd to the bird that bears the bolt of Jove.
The new dissembled eagle, now endu'd
With beak and pounces, Hercules pursu'd ;
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face :
Then safe retir'd, and tow'r'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe ;
But bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood ;
And in his pinnion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound ; but in the sinew hung
The point ; and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain ;
His vans no longer cou'd his flight sustain ;
For while one gather'd wind, one, unsupply'd,
Hung drooping down, nor pois'd his other side :
He fell : The shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aslant ; he spurns the ground ;
And the soul issues through the weazon's wound.

Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
 What praise is due from me to Hercules?
 Silence is all the vengeance I decree
 For my slain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke;
 Then, to full bowls each other they provoke;
 At length, with weariness and wine oppress'd,
 They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.

The sire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
 Mean time, laments his son, in battle slain:
 And vows the victor's death; nor vows in vain.
 For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore;
 (Achilles was not ripe for fate before :)
 Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
 He thus bespoke the god that guides the year.
 Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
 My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
 Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise the wall
 Of tott'ring Troy, now nodding to her fall;
 Dost thou not mourn our pow'r employ'd in vain;
 And the defenders of our city slain?
 To pass the rest, cou'd noble Hector lie
 Unpity'd, dragg'd around his native Troy?
 And yet the murd'rer lives: Himself by far
 A greater plague, than all the wasteful war:
 He lives, the proud Pelides lives, to boast
 Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost!
 O, cou'd I meet him! but I wish too late:
 To prove my trident is not in his fate!
 But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
 And pierce his only penetrable part.

Apollo bows to the superior throne;
 And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
 Then in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
 Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
 And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
 And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
 Phoebus to him alone the god confess'd;
 Then to the recreant knight, he thus address'd.
 Dost thou not blush to spend thy shafts in vain
 On a degenerate and ignoble train?
 If fame, or better vengeance be thy care,
 There aim; and with one arrow end the war.

He said; and shew'd from far the blazing shield
 And sword, which but Achilles none cou'd wield;
 And how he mov'd a god, and mow'd the standing
 The deity himself directs aright [field.
 Th' invenom'd shaft, and wings the fatal flight.

Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name,
 And he, the base adult'rer, boasts the fame:
 A spectacle to glad the Trojan train,
 And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
 If by a female hand he had foreseen
 He was to die, his wish had rather been
 The lance and double axe of the fair warrious queen.

And now the terror of the Trojan field,
 The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
 High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd,
 The god that arm'd him first, consum'd at last:
 Of all the mighty man, the small remains,
 A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
 Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives,
 And equal to himself, himself survives.

His buckler owns its former lord; and brings
 New cause of strife betwixt contending kings;
 Who worthiest after him his sword to wield,
 Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.
 Ev'n Diomedes fate mute, with down-cast eyes;
 Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize:
 Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim,
 Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
 Two rivals only rose; Laertes' son,
 And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
 The king, who cherish'd each, with equal love,
 And, from himself all envy wou'd remove,
 Left both to be determin'd by the laws;
 And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cause.

THE
S P E E C H E S
O F
A J A X
A N D
U L Y S S E S.
F R O M
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

B O O K XIII.

THE chiefs were set; the soldiers crown'd the field:
To these the master of the sevenfold shield
Upstart'd fierce; and kindled with disdain;
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he rowl'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian gallies hall'd a-ground.
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove! he cry'd,
Must then our cause before the fleet be try'd?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish than ingage in war.
By different methods we maintain our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.

In bloody fields I labour to be great ;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit :
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see,
The sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon ;
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less ;
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain :
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Enobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were my known valour question'd, yet my blood,
Without that plea, wou'd make my title good.
My sire was Telamon whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd ;
And who before with Jason, sent from Greece
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece :
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below, where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rous'd up the restless heavy stone.)
Just Æacus the king of gods, above
Begot : Thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor shou'd I seek advantage from my line,
Unless, Achilles, it were mix'd with thine.
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim ;
This fellow wou'd ingraft a foreign name,
Upon our stock, and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed.
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name,

Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,
While he, long lurking, was to war betray'd?
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare;
(Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he who shunn'd all honours, gain the best:
And let me stand excluded from my right, [fight.
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd in
Better for us at home had he remain'd,
Had it been true, the madness which he feign'd,
Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame, [name;
The less his counsell'd crime which brands the Grecian
Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd;
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans
His suff'rings and our baseness he bemoans;
And wishes (so may heav'n his wish fulfill)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he with us to Troy's destruction sworn
Our brother of the war, by whom are born
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with wounds,
To find him food and cloathing must employ
Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of Troy.
Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free,
Because he left Ulysses' company.
Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid,
Rather to have been left, than so to death betray'd:
The coward bore the man immortal spight,
Who sham'd him out of madness into fight.

Nor daring otherwise to vent his hate,
Accus'd him first of treason to the state;
And then for proof produc'd the golden store
Himself had hidden in his tent before.
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our host,
By exile one, and one by treason lost.
Thus fights Ulysses; thus his fame extends;
A formidable man but to his friends:
Great, for what greatness is in words and sound,
Ev'n faithful Nestor less in both is found:
But, that he might without a rival reign,
He left this faithful Nestor on the plain;
Forsook his friend, ev'n at his utmost need,
Who, tir'd and tardy with his wounded steed,
Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But cowardice has neither ears nor shame.
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd my me,
Like one of his, an Ulyssæan lie,
I vouch ev'n Diomedes, who, though his friend,
Cannot that act excuse, much less defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.

The gods with equal eyes on mortals look,
He justly was forsaken, who forsook:
Wanted that succour he refus'd to lend,
Found ev'ry fellow such another friend:
No wonder if he roar'd that all might hear;
His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.

Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause;
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(Ev'n the shield trembled as he lay below;)
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good Heav'n forgive me for so bad a deed!
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
First let him give me back his forfeit life:
Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting shield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quiv'ring heart confess his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cause in that estate.
And yet, when snatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted shield I loos'd, and let him go;
Good heav'ns how light he rose! with what a bound
He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound!
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply!
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly.

Hector came on, and brought the gods along;
Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong;
Each Greek was an Ulysses; such a dread
Th' approach, and ev'n the sound of Hector bred.
Him, flush'd with slaughter, and with conquest crown'd,
I met, and overturn'd him to the ground;
When after, matchless, as he deem'd, in might,
He challeng'd all our host to single fight:
All eyes were fix'd on me; the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wish'd alone:
Your vows were heard; we fought, and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.

With Jove to friend th' insulting Trojan came,
 And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame;
 Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
 In that black hour, that sav'd you from the sword?
 Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
 A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save?
 The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
 For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield?
 Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem
 These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
 Or I with them an equal honour share;
 They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
 Will he compare my courage with his flight?
 As well he may compare the day with night.
 Night is indeed the province of his reign:
 Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
 Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain;
 A priest made pris'ner, Pallas made a prey;
 But none of all these actions done by day:
 Nor aught of these was done, and Diomedé away.
 If on such petty merits you confer
 So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
 Make a just dividend; and, if not all,
 The greater part to Diomedé will fall.
 But why, for Ithacus such arms as those,
 Who naked and by night invades his foes?
 The glitt'ring helm by moonlight will proclaim
 The latent robber, and prevent his game:
 Nor cou'd he hold his tott'ring head upright
 Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
 Nor that right arm cou'd toss the beamy lance;
 Much less the left that ampler shield advance;

Pond'rous with precious weight, and rough with cost
 Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd ;
 That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
 And look as for the gold he stole the shield ;
 Which, shou'd your error on the wretch bestow,
 It would not frighten, but allure the foe.
 Why asks he what avails him not in fight,
 And wou'd but cumber and retard his flight,
 In which his only excellence is plac'd ?
 You give him death, that intercept his haste.
 Add, that his own is yet a maiden shield,
 Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field,
 Guiltless of fight ; mine, batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
 Worn out of service, must forsake his lord.
 What farther need of words our right to scan ?
 My arguments are deeds ; let actions speak the man.
 Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
 So cast the glorious prize amid the foes :
 Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
 And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.

He said : A murmur from the multitude,
 Or somewhat like a stifled shout ensu'd ;
 Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
 Look'd down a while, and paus'd e'er he begun ;
 'Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
 And not without prepar'd attention spoke :
 Soft was his tone, and sober was his face ;
 Action his words, and words his action grace.

If Heav'n, my lords, had heard our common pray'r,
 These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir ;
 Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
 And we with great Achilles had been blest'd :

But since hard Fate, and Heav'n's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me,
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew)
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which heav'n to him denies:
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd:
Nor let my wit and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence,
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault:
Make not a crime where nature made it none;
For ev'ry man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect; but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My sire, Laertes, was Arceſius' heir,
Arceſius was the son of Jupiter:
No parricide, no banish'd man is known,
In all my line: Let him excuse his own.
Hermes enobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the gods ally'd:
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert;

Or that my fire from parricide is free;
 But judge my merit betwixt him and me :
 The prize be to the best; provided yet
 That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
 And his great fire, and greater uncle's name,
 To fortify by them his feeble claim :
 Be kindred and relation set aside,
 And honour's cause by laws of honour try'd :
 For if he plead proximity of blood,
 That empty title is with ease withstood.
 Peleus, the hero's fire, more nigh than he,
 And Pyrrhus, his undoubted progeny,
 Inherit first these trophies of the field;
 To Scyros, or to Pthya, send the shield :
 And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
 Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.

Then since the cause on pure desert is plac'd,
 Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
 I not presume on ev'ry act to dwell,
 But take these few, in order as they fell.

Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care
 To keep Achilles in disguise from war;
 And, till the threat'ning influence were past,
 A woman's habit on the hero cast :
 All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest,
 And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
 Found no Pelides there : At length I came,
 With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
 She, not discover'd by her mein or voice,
 Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;

And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook;
Whom by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
O goddess-born! resist not Heav'n's decree;
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee.
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd. To me the Thebans owe,
Lesbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Syros and Cylla! Not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnesus and strong Chrysa fell:
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Those arms I put into his living hand;
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.

When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd.
Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear;
That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
Affection, int'rest, fame, his heart assail'd;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
As angry with the gods as they with him.
No subject cou'd sustain their sov'reign's look,
Till this hard enterprize I undertook:

I only durst th' imperial pow'r controul,
 And undermin'd the parent in his soul;
 Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
 And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.
 Never was cause more difficult to plead,
 Than where the judge against himself decreed:
 Yet this I won by dint of argument;
 The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
 And his own office, sham'd him to consent.

'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind;
 And to this heavy task was I design'd:
 Reasons against her love I knew were vain;
 I circumvented whom I could not gain:
 Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd fails
 Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.

Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
 A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy:
 Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
 Glitt'ring with steel, and crouded with resort:
 There, in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
 Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
 Accuse the foes, as author of the strife,
 Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.
 Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,
 I mov'd; but Paris and his lawless crew
 Scarce held their hands and lifted swords, but stood
 In act to quench their impious thirst of blood:
 This Menalaus knows, expos'd to share
 With me the rough prelude of the war.

Endless it were to tell what I have done,
 In arms, or council, since the siege begun.

The first encounter's past ; the foe repell'd ;
 They skulk'd within the town ; we kept the field :
 War seem'd asleep for nine long years ; at length
 Both sides resolv'd to push ; we try'd our strength.
 Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
 Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of death ?
 If you require my deeds ; with ambush'd arms
 I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms ;
 Secur'd the ships ; drew lines along the plain ;
 The fainting cheer'd ; chastis'd the rebel train ;
 Provided forage ; our spent arms renew'd, [pursu'd.
 Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common cause
 The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
 Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
 What subject durst arraign the pow'r supreme,
 Producing Jove to justify his dream ?
 Ajax might wish the foldiers to retain
 From shameful flight, but wishes were in vain.
 As wanting of effect had been his words,
 Such as of course his thund'ring tongue affords.
 But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
 Or by his own example urge their stay ?
 None, none of these, but ran himself away.
 I saw him run, and was asham'd to see ;
 Who ply'd his feet so fast to get aboard as he ?
 Then speeding through the place, I made a stand,
 And loudly cry'd, O base, degenerate band,
 To leave a town already in your hand !
 After so long expence of blood for fame,
 To bring home nothing but perpetual shame !
 These words, or what I have forgotten since,
 (For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence)

Reduc'd their minds; they leave the crouded port,
And to their late forsaken camp resort :
Dismay'd the council met : This man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear.
Thersites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening mouth with blows I seal'd.
'Then rising I excite their souls to fame,
And kindle sleeping virtue into flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is justly mine, who drew him back from flight.

Which of the Grecian chiefs conforsts with thee?
But Diomede desires my company,
And still communicates his praise with me.
As guided by a god, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes :
And sure no little merit I may boast,
Whom such a man selects from such an host.
Unforc'd by lots, I went, without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night.
On the same errand sent we met the spy
Of Hector, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lie ;
Him I dispatch'd, but not till undermin'd,
I drew him first to tell what treacherous Troy design'd :
My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd ;
But not content with this, to greater praise aspir'd :
Invaded Rhoefus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own strength I slew :
Return'd a victor, all my vows compleat,
With the king's chariot, in his royal feat.
Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds
Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal deeds :

And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.

Nor fought I darkling still : 'The sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the field :
You saw, and counted as I pass'd along,
Alastor, Cromyus, Ceranos the strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Chersidamas, and five beside,
Men of obscure descent, but courage try'd :
All these this hand laid breathless on the ground ;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound :
All honest, all before ; believe not me ;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see.

At this he bar'd his breast, and shew'd his scars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars :
Nor is this part unexercis'd, said he ;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free ;
Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I.
But this avails me not ; our boaster strove,
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To save the fleet : This I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any man his due :)
But thus assuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your share will fall ;
He did the best indeed, but did not all :
Patroclus in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he seem'd, with equal ardour fought ;
Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought
 A match for Hector, who the combat fought :
 Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me :
 All were as eager for the fight as he :
 He but the ninth, and not by public voice,
 Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice :
 They fought ; nor can our hero boast th' event,
 For Hector from the field unwounded went.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
 That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away ;
 I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
 And ran in vain, alas, to his relief ;
 For the brave soul was fled ; full of my friend,
 I rush'd amid the war, his relicks to defend ;
 Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
 And loaded with Achilles, march'd away ;
 Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
 'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
 You see I want not nerves, who cou'd sustain
 The pond'rous ruins of so great a man :
 Or if in others equal force you find,
 None is endu'd with a more grateful mind.

Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
 These arms, thus labour'd, for her son prepare,
 That Ajax after him the heav'nly gift shou'd wear?
 For that dull soul to starve with stupid eyes
 On the learn'd unintelligible prize !
 What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
 Heav'ns planets, earth, and ocean's wat'ry field ;
 The Pleiads, Hyads, less, and greater Bear,
 Undipp'd in seas Orion's angry star ;

Two diff'ring cities, grav'd on either hand?

Would he wear arms he cannot understand?

Beside, what wise objections he prepares

Against my late accession to the wars?

Does not the fool perceive his argument

Is with more force against Achilles bent?

For if dissembling be so great a crime,

The fault is common, and the same in him.

And if he taxes both of long delay,

My guilt is less who sooner came away.

His pious mother, anxious for his life,

Detain'd her son, and me, my pious wife.

To them the blossoms of our youth were due,

Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.

But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,

When with so great a man my guilt I share:

My wit to war the matchless hero brought;

But by this fool I never had been caught.

Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw

Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you;

If Palamede unjustly fell by me,

Your honour suffer'd in th' unjust decree;

I but accus'd, you doom'd; and yet he dy'd,

Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly try'd:

You heard not he was false; your eyes beheld

The traitor manifest, the bribe reveal'd.

That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,

Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,

Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;

Defend your justice, for the fact's your own.

'Tis true, th' advice was mine, that staying there,

He might his weary limbs with rest repair,

From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.

}

He took the counsel, and he lives at least ;
Th' event declares I counsell'd for the best :
Though faith is all in ministers of state ;
For who can promise to be fortunate ?
Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak address employ ;
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence.
But Xanthus shall run backward, Ida stand
A leafless mountain, and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy, if, when my counsel fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen,
Against thy fellows and the king of men ;
Curse my devoted head above the rest,
And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast :
Yet I the dang'rous task will undertake,
And either die myself, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the same success, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war,
Heav'n's dark decrees and answers to display,
And how to take the town, and where the secret lay :
Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian-maid ;
That work was mine ; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while she was in Troy did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd,
A noisy nothing, and an empty wind ?
If he be what he promises in show,
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go ?

Our boasting champion thought the task not light,
To pass the guards, commit himself to night;
Not only through a hostile town to pass,
But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place;
With wand'ring steps to search the citadel,
And from the priests their patronesses to steel:
Then through surrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heav'nly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held
Before that monstrous bulk his sev'nfold shield.
'That night to conquer Troy I might be said,
When Troy was liable to conquest made.

Why point'st thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy share
In all my toil and praise; but when thy might
Our ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well assur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than strength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right than Ajax can pretend:
As good at least Euripylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name;
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus, bold with sword and spear:
All these had been my rivals in the shield,
And yet all these to my pretensions yield.
Thy boist'rous hands are then of use, when I
With this directing head those hands apply:
Brawn without brain is thine; my prudent care
Foresees, provides, administers the war:

Thy province is to fight ; but when shall be
The time to fight, the king consults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd,
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
But how much more the ship her safety owes
To him who steers, than him who only rows ;
By how much more the captain merits praise
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys ;
By so much greater is my worth than thine,
Who can't but execute what I design.

What gain'st thou, brutal man, if I confess
Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less ?
Mind is the man ; I claim my whole desert
From the mind's vigour and th' immortal part.

But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war :
For all my labours in so long a space,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace.
Enter the town ; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be,
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty ;
By falling Troy, by yonder tott'ring tow'rs,
And by their taken gods, which now are ours ;
Or, if there yet a farther task remains,
To be perform'd by prudence, or by pains :
If yet some desperate action rests behind,
That asks high conduct and a dauntless mind ;
If aught be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome,
Award those arms I ask, by your decree ;
Or give to this what you refuse to me.

He ceas'd: And ceasing, with respect he bow'd,
 And with his hand at once the fatal statue show'd.
 Heav'n, air, and ocean rung with loud applause,
 And by the general vote he gain'd his cause.
 Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd;
 And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE
DEATH
OF
AJAX.

HE who cou'd often, and alone withstand
 The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
 Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
 But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain;
 Then snatching out his faulchion, Thou, said he,
 Art mine; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
 O often try'd and ever trusty sword,
 Now do thy last kind office to thy lord:
 'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
 None but himself himself cou'd overthrow.
 He said; and with so good a will to die,
 Did to his breast the fatal point apply,
 It found his heart; a way till then unknown,
 Where never weapon enter'd but his own.
 No hands cou'd force it thence, so fix'd it stood,
 Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting blood.
 The fruitful blood produc'd a flow'r, which grew
 On a green stem, and of a purple hue;
 Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew:
 Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
 But those express the grief, and these the name.

A J A X.

H E who could often, and alone without
The foe, the foe, and love's own partial hand,
Now cannot his compass'd grief sustain,
But feels to rage, to madness, and disdain;
Then flinging out his scabbard, 'Twas said he
Was none; 'Twas false, no claim to them
Of arms try'd and ever truly sword,
Now do thy last kind office to thy lord;
The Ajax who expects thy aid, to show
None but himself, himself could overthrow.
He said; and with his good will to die,
Lies in his breast the fatal point apply;
He found his heart; a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own.
No hands could force it thence, he fix'd it fast;
Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of pouring blood.
The fatal blood produc'd a flow'r, which grew
On a green stem, and at a purple hue;
Like this, when nature's pulse flows
Individually in each, the letters are the same,
That each express the gift, and their the name.

THE
WIFE
OF
BATH
HER
TALE.

IN days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
 Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown;
 The king of elfs and little fairy queen
 Gamboll'd on heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry green.
 And where the jolly troop had led the round,
 The grafs unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:
 Nor darkling did they dance; the silver light
 Of Phoebe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
 And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the night.
 Her beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
 Nor longer than she shed her horns they stay'd, [vey'd.
 From thence with airy flight to foreign lands con-
 Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
 More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here, [year.
 And made more spacious rings, and revell'd half the
 I speak of ancient times; for now the swain,
 Returning late, may pass the woods in vain,
 And never hope to see the nightly train:

In vain the dairy now with mints is dress'd ;
 The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest,
 To skim the bowls, and, after, pay the feast.
 She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain ;
 No silver penny to reward her pain :
 For priests with pray'rs, and other godly geer,
 Have made the merry goblins disappear ;
 And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
 Have sprinkled holy water on the floor :
 And fry'rs that through the wealthy regions run,
 Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun ;
 Resort to farmers rich, and blifs their halls,
 And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls :
 This makes the fairy quire forsake the place,
 When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace :
 But in the walls where wicked elves have been,
 The learning of the parish now is seen,
 The midnight parson posting o'er the green.
 With gown tuck'd up to wakes ; for sunday next,
 With humming ale encouraging his text ;
 Nor wants the holy leer to country-girl betwixt.
 From fiends and imps he sets the village free ;
 There haunts not any incubus but he.
 The maids and women need no danger fear
 To walk by night, and sanctity so near :
 For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
 He bids his beads both even-song and morn.

It so befel, in this king Arthur's reign,
 A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain ;
 A batchelor he was, and of the courtly train.
 It happen'd, as he rode, a damsel gay,
 In ruslet robes, to market took her way ;

Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
So strait she walk'd, and on her pasterns high:
If seeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now, turning short, he better lik'd her face:
He lights in haste, and full of youthful fire,
By force accomplish'd his obscene desire:
This done, away he rode, not unespied,
For swarming at his back the country cry'd;
And, once in view, they never lost the sight,
But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court the knight.

Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
E'er made the common brothels of the town:
There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
But chaste as maids in monasteries liv'd:
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,
No bad example to his poets gave;
And they not bad, but in a vicious age
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the stage.

Now what shou'd Arthur do? He lov'd the knight,
But sovereign monarchs are the source of right:
Mov'd by the damsel's tears and common cry,
He doom'd the brutal ravisher to die.

But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his queen the king th' offender gave,
And left it in her power to kill or save:
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for love;
And with their mistresses join'd in close debate,
(Covering their kindness with dissembled hate;) }
If not to free him, to prolong his fate.

At last agreed, they call'd him by consent
Before the queen and female parliament.
And the fair speaker rising from her chair,
Did thus the judgment of the house declare.

Sir Knight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet still
Thy destiny depends upon my will:
Nor hast thou other surety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a softer mold,
And cannot blood without a sigh behold,
I grant thee life, reserving still the pow'r
To take the forfeit when I see my hour;
Unless thy answer to my next demand
Shall set thee free from our avenging hand:
The question, whose solution I require,
Is, *What the sex of women most desire?*
In this dispute thy judges are at strife;
Beware; for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (lest surpriz'd, unknowing what to say,
Thou damn thyself) we give thee farther day:
A year is thine to wander at thy will;
And learn from others, if thou want'st the skill.
But, not to hold our proffer'd grace in scorn,
Good sureties will we have for thy return;
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy pledges peril keep thy day.

Woe was the knight at this severe command,
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand;
The terms accepted as the fair ordain;
He put in bail for his return again;
And promis'd answer at the day assign'd,
The best, with heav'n's assistance, he could find.

His leave thus taken, on his way he went,
 With heavy heart, and full of discontent,
 Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' event.
 'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,
 As was not yet agreed among the kind.
 Thus on he went, still anxious more and more;
 Ask'd all he met; and knock'd at ev'ry door;
 Enquir'd of men; but made his chief request
 To learn from women what they lov'd the best.
 They answer'd, each according to her mind,
 To please herself, not all the female kind.
 One was for wealth, another was for place:
 Crones old and ugly wish'd a better face.
 The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed;
 The wanton maids were all for sport a-bed.
 Some said the sex were pleas'd with handsome lies;
 And some gross flattery lov'd without disguise.
 Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win
 Who flatters well, for that's our darling sin.
 But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
 Will work even with the wisest of the kind.
 One thought the sex's prime felicity
 Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free;
 Their pleasures, hours, and actions all their own,
 And uncontroll'd to give account to none.
 Some wish'd a husband-fool; but such are curst,
 For fools perverse, of husbands are the worst.
 All women wou'd be counted chaste and wise,
 Nor should our spouses see but with our eyes;
 For fools will prate; and though they want the wit
 To find gross faults, yet open blots will hit;

Tho' better for their ease to hold their tongue,
 For womankind was never in the wrong.
 So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life;
 The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
 And some men say, that great delight have we
 'To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy;
 And constant in one purpose still to dwell;
 And not our husbands counsels to reveal.
 But that's a fable; for our sex is frail,
 Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
 Like leaky sieves, no secrets we can hold:
 Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.

Midas the king, as in his book appears,
 By P'hoebus was endow'd with asses ears,
 Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
 (As monarchs vices must not be reveal'd)
 For fear the people have 'em in the wind,
 Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind;
 Nor apt to think from heav'n their title springs,
 Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
 This Midas knew; and durst communicate
 To none but to his wife, his ears of state:
 One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
 As passing prudent, and a parless wit.
 To this sagacious confessor he went,
 And told her what a gift the gods had sent:
 But told it under matrimonial seal,
 With strict injunction never to reveal.
 The secret heard she plighted him her troth,
 (And sacred sure is every woman's oath),
 The royal malady should rest unknown
 Both for her husband's honour and her own:

But ne'ertheless she pin'd with discontent;
 The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
 The thing she knew she was oblig'd to hide;
 By int'rest and by oath the wife was ty'd;
 But if she told it not, the woman dy'd.
 Loath to betray a husband and a prince,
 But she must burst, or blab; and no pretence
 Of honour ty'd her tongue from self-defence.
 A marshy ground commodiously was near,
 Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
 Lest if a word she spoke of any thing,
 That word might be the secret of the king.
 Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
 Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent:
 Arriv'd, by pure necessity compell'd,
 On her majestic marrow-bones she kneel'd:
 'Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
 And, and as a bittour bumps within a reed,
 To thee alone, O lake, she said, I tell
 (And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal)
 Beneath his locks the king my husband wears
 A goodly royal pair of asses ears:
 Now I have eas'd my bosom of the pain,
 Till the next longing fit return again.

Thus through a woman was the secret known;
 Tell us, and in effect you tell the town:
 But to my tale. The knight, with heavy cheer,
 Wandring in vain, had now consum'd the year;
 One day was only left to solve the doubt,
 Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
 But home he must; and, as th' award had been,
 Yield up his body captive to the queen.

In this despairing state he hap'd to ride,
 As fortune led him, by a forest-side:
 Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
 Brown with the shade of a religious wood;
 When full before him, at the noon of night,
 (The moon was up, and shot a gleamy light)
 He saw a quire of ladies in a round,
 That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground;
 Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were,
 He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.
 At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
 In hope where many women were, at least,
 Some one by chance might answer his request.
 But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
 And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.

One only hag remain'd; but fouler far
 Than grandame apes in Indian forests are.
 Against a wither'd oak she lean'd her weight,
 Prop'd on her trusty staff, not half upright,
 And drop'd an awkward court'fy to the knight.
 Then said, What make you, Sir, so late abroad,
 Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
 Or want you ought that here you hope to find?
 Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
 The last I guess; and if I read aright,
 Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight;
 Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage;
 Then tell your pain; for wisdom is in age.

To this the knight: Good mother, wou'd you know
 The secret cause and spring of all my woe?
 My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
 Unless I tell what women most desire.

Now, cou'd you help me at this hard essay,
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay :
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price :
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
Well satisfy'd of what they love the best.
Plight me thy faith, quoth she, That what I ask,
Thy danger over, and perform'd the task,
That shalt thou give for hire of thy demand ;
Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand ;
I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and wife.

More words there needed not to move the knight
To take her offer, and his truth to plight.
With that she spread her mantle on the ground,
And first enquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, tho' long and rough the way,
At court he should arrive e'er break of day :
His horse should find the way without a guide.
She said ; with fury they began to ride,
He on the midst, the beldam at his side. }
'The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well :
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
How he should answer the demand aright.

To court they came : The news was quickly spread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women in the town :
The queen fate lord chief justice of the hall,
And bade the cryer cite the criminal.

The knight appear'd; and silence they proclaim;
Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:
And, after forms of laws, was last requir'd
To name the thing that women most desir'd.

Th' offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel order'd what to say,
'Thus bold began: My lady liege, said he,
What all your sex desire is sovereignty.
The wife affects her husband to command,
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.
The maids are mistresses ev'n in their name,
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This, at the peril of my head, I say,
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all; while we, like slaves, obey.

There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
But said the knight had well deserv'd his life.
Ev'n fair Geneura, with a blush confess'd,
The man had found what women love the best.

Upstarts the beldam, who was there unseen,
And reverence made, accosted thus the queen.
My liege, said she, before the court arise,
May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
To grant my just request; 'twas I who taught
The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought.
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women what we most affect.
But first I swore him, on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his oath)
To grant the boon that next I should desire:
He gave his faith; and I expect my hire.

My promise is fulfill'd : I sav'd his life,
 And claim his debt to take me for his wife.
 The knight was ask'd, nor cou'd his oath deny ;
 But hop'd they would not force him to comply.
 The women, who would rather wrest the laws,
 Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
 (As judges on the bench more gracious are,
 And more attent to brothers of the bar)
 Cry'd one, and all, the suppliant should have right,
 And to the grandame-hag adjudg'd the knight.

In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,
 Some reasonable fute might be requir'd :
 But still the crone was constant to her note ;
 The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her throat.
 In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save
 His body, destin'd to that living grave.
 The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn ;
 And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
 Not all the wealth of eastern kings, said she,
 Have pow'r to part my plighted love and me :
 And old and ugly, as I am, and poor ;
 Yet never will I break the faith I swore :
 For mine thou art, by promise, during life ;
 And I thy loving and obedient wife.

My love !----Nay, rather my damnation thou !
 Said he ; nor am I bound to keep my vow :
 The fiend, thy fire, has sent thee from below ;
 Else how cou'dst thou my secret sorrows know ?
 Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy bed ;
 The Queen may take the forfeit of my head,
 E're any of my race so foul a crone shall wed.

Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the knight;
So was he marry'd in his own despight:
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to sustain a fight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
To pass the marriage-feast, and nuptial song:
Mirth there was none, the man was a-la-mort:
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride;
Was never such an ill-pair'd couple ty'd:
Restless he tofs'd and tumbled to and fro,
And rowl'd, and wriggled further off, for woe.
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her quiv'ring arms, and cry'd,
When you my ravish'd predecessor saw,
You were not then become this man of straw;
Had you been such, you might have 'scap'd the law. }
Is this the custom of King Arthur's court?
Are all round-table knights of such a fort?
Remember I am she who sav'd your life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife;
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,
Nor I for this return employ'd my pow'r:
In time of need I was your faithful friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will, offend.
Believe me, my lov'd lord, 'tis much unkind;
What fury has possess'd your alter'd mind?
Thus on my wedding-night-----without pretence-----
Come turn this way, or tell me my offence.
If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade;
Name but my fault, amends shall soon be made.

Amends! nay that's impossible, said he,
What change of age, or ugliness can be!
Or, could Medea's magic mend thy face,
Thou art descended from so mean a race,
That never knight was match'd with such disgrace.
What wonder, madam, if I move my side,
When if I turn, I turn to such a bride?

And is this all that troubles you so fore!

And what the devil could'st thou wish me more?

Ah, Benedicite, reply'd the crone;
Then cause of just complaining have you none.
The remedy to this were soon apply'd,
Wou'd you be like the bridegroom to the bride.
But, for you say, a long descended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and pow'r, and place,
Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me:
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glitt'ring, and fallacious good.
The nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The King of Heav'n was in a manger laid,
And took his earth but from an humble maid.
Then what can birth, or mortal men bestow,
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow?
We who for name, and empty honour strive,
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your ancestors who puff your mind with pride,
And vast estates to mighty titles ty'd,
Did not your honour, but their own advance;
For virtue comes not by inheritance.

If you tralienate from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard-kind?
Do, as your great progenitors have done,
And by their virtues prove yourself their son.
No father can infuse or wit, or grace;
A mother comes across, and marrs the race.
A grandfire, or a grandame taints the blood;
And seldom three descents continue good.
Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Cou'd never villanize his father's fame:
But as the first, the last of all the line,
Wou'd, like the sun, ev'n in descending shine.
Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house,
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucasus,
If you depart, the flame shall still remain,
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain;
Nor, till the fewel perish, can decay,
By nature form'd on things combustible to prey.
Such is not man, who mixing better feed
With worse, begets a base, degenerate breed.
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind:
The father sinks within his son, we see,
And often rises in the third degree;
If better luck, a better mother give:
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
Such as our atoms were, ev'n such are we;
Or call it chance, or strong necessity.
Thus, loaded with dead weight, the will is free.
And thus it needs must be; for feed conjoin'd
Lets into nature's work th' imperfect kind,

But fire th' enliv'ner of the general frame,
 Is one, its operation still the same :
 Its principle is in itself ; while ours
 Works, as confederates war, with mingled pow'rs ;
 Or man or woman, which soever fails :
 And oft the vigour of the worse prevails.
 Æther, with sulphur blended, alters hue,
 And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
 Thus in a brute their ancient honour ends,
 And the fair mermaid in a fish descends :
 The line is gone ; no longer Duke or Earl,
 But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
 Nobility of blood is but renown
 Of thy great fathers, by their virtue known,
 And a long trail of light to thee descending down. }
 If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine ;
 But infamy and villanage are thine.
 Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
 That true nobility proceeds from God :
 Not left us by inheritance, but giv'n
 By bounty of our stars and grace of heav'n.
 Thus from a captive Servius Tullus rose,
 Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose ;
 Fabritius from their walls repell'd the foe,
 Whose noble hands had exercis'd the plough.
 From hence, my lord and love, I thus conclude,
 That though my homely ancestors were rude,
 Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
 To make you father of a generous race ;
 And noble then am I, when I begin,
 In virtue cloth'd, to cast the rags of sin :

If poverty be my upbraided crime,
 And you believe in heav'n; there was a time,
 When he, the great controller of our fate
 Deign'd to be man, and liv'd in low estate;
 Which he who had the world at his dispose,
 If poverty were vice, wou'd never chuse.
 Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
 That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
 Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
 And happy he who can that treasure find.
 But the base miser starves amidst his store,
 Broods on his gold, and, gripping still at more,
 Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
 The ragged beggar, though he wants relief,
 Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.
 Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
 Because its virtues are not understood:
 Yet many things, impossible to thought,
 Have been by need to full perfection brought:
 The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
 Sharpness of wit and active diligence:
 Prudence at once and fortitude it gives,
 And, if in patience taken, mends our lives;
 For ev'n that indigence that brings me low,
 Makes me myself, and him above to know.
 A good which none would challenge, few would chuse,
 A fair possession, which mankind refuse.

If we from wealth to poverty descend,
 Want gives to know the flatt'rer from the friend.
 If I am old and ugly, well for you;
 No lewd adult'rer will my love pursue;

Nor jealousy, the bane of marry'd life,
 Shall haunt you, for a wither'd homely wife:
 For age and ugliness, as all agree,
 Are the best guards of female chastity.

Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
 I'll do my best to further your content:
 And therefore, of two gifts in my dispose,
 Think e'er you speak, I grant you leave to chuse.
 Wou'd you I should be still deform'd and old,
 Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold;
 On this condition, to remain for life
 A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
 In all I can contribute to your ease,
 And not in deed or word, or thought displease?
 Or would you rather have me young and fair,
 And take the chance that happens to your share?
 Temptations are in beauty and in youth;
 And how can you depend upon my truth?
 Now weigh the danger with the doubtful blifs;
 And thank yourself if aught should fall amiss.

Sore sigh'd the knight, who this long sermon heard;
 At length, considering all, his heart he cheer'd,
 And thus reply'd: My lady, and my wife,
 To your wise conduct I resign my life:
 Chuse you for me, for well you understand
 The future good and ill on either hand:
 But if an humble husband may request,
 Provide and order all things for the best;
 Your's be the care to profit and to please;
 And let your subject servant take his ease.

Then thus in peace, quoth she, concludes the strife;
 Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife:

The matrimonial victory is mine,
 Which having fairly gain'd, I will resign :
 Forgive, if I have said or done amiss ;
 And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss.
 I promis'd you but one content to share,
 But now I will become both good and fair.
 No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease ;
 The business of my life shall be to please :
 And for my beauty, that as time shall try ;
 But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye.

He look'd, and saw a creature heav'nly fair,
 In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
 With joy he turn'd, and seiz'd her iv'ry arm ;
 And, like Pygmalion, found the statue warm.
 Small arguments there needed to prevail ;
 A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.

Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embrac'd,
 And their first love continu'd to the last :
 One sun-shine was their life, no cloud between ;
 Nor never was a kinder couple seen.

And so may all our lives like their's be led ;
 Heav'n send the maids young husbands fresh in bed :
 May widows wed as often as they can,
 And ever for the better change their man :
 And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
 Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

OF THE
PYTHAGOREAN
PHILOSOPHY.

From OVID's METAMORPHOSES,
Book XV.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus : The fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras, and to have begun his acquaintance with that philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy ; from thence he makes a digression to the moral and natural philosophy of Pythagoras : On both which our author enlarges ; and which are the most learned and beautiful parts of the whole metamorphoses.

A King is sought to guide the growing state,
One able to support the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had sat.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice :
A peaceful, pious prince ; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent

To cultivate his mind ; to learn the laws
 Of nature, and explore their hidden cause.
 Urg'd by this care, his country he forfook,
 And to Crotona thence his journey took.
 Arriv'd, he first enquir'd the founder's name,
 Of this new colony, and whence he came.
 Then thus a senior of the place replies,
 (Well read, and curious of antiquities),
 'Tis said Alcides hither took his way,
 From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey ;
 Then leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
 He sought himself some hospitable house :
 Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest,
 While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.
 The hero, thence departing, bless'd the place ;
 And here, he said, in time's revolving race,
 A rising town shall take his name from thee ;
 Revolving time fulfill'd the prophecy :
 For Myscelos, the justest man on earth,
 Alemon's son, at Argos had his birth ;
 Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
 O'ershadow'd in a dream, and thus bespoke :
 Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode
 Where Æfaris rolls down his rapid flood.
 He said ; and sleep forfook him and the god.
 Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart ;
 His country's laws forbade him to depart ;
 What shou'd he do ? 'twas death to go away ;
 And the god menac'd if he dar'd to stay :
 All day he doubted, and when night came on,
 Sleep and the same forewarning dream begun ;

Once more the god stood threat'ning o'er his head;
With added curses, if he disobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he study'd flight; but would convey
At once his person and his wealth away:
Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard;
A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
Witness there needed none of his offence,
Against himself the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
To him for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd.

O pow'r, who hast deserv'd in heaven a throne,
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own!
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.

A custom was of old, and still remains,
Which life or death by suffrages ordains;
White stones and black within an urn are cast,
The first absolve, but fate is in the last.
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the fable signs of death;
The box receives all black; but, pour'd from thence,
The stones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alemonides his safety won,
Preserv'd from death by Alcumena's son:
Then to his kinsman-god his vows he pays,
And cuts with prosp'rous gales th' Ionian seas;
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temises behind;
Soft Sybaris, and all the capes that stand
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The mouth of Æfaris, and promis'd ground,

Then saw where on the margin of the flood
The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood.
Here, by the god's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted, and Crotona call'd :
Thus fame from time to time delivers down
The sure tradition of th' Italian town.

Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now self-banish'd from his native shore;
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but servile souls will wear.
He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n cou'd move,
With strength of mind, and tread th'abyss above;
And penetrate with his interior light
Those upper depths, which nature hid from sight;
And what he had observ'd, and learn'd from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.

The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him as they heard their god's command;
While he discours'd of heav'n's mysterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cause;
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
What shook the steadfast earth; and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds with nitre pregnant burst above.
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his speech.
He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
And argu'd well, if arguments could move.
O mortals! from your fellow's blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane;

While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice:
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost:
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring:
While earth not only can your needs supply,
But lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please.
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren fill;
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browz, and corn, and flow'ry meadows feed;
Bears, tygers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom Heav'n endu'd with principles of blood,
He wisely fundred from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feasts delight.

O impious use! to nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where fatten'd by their fellow's fat they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother-earth provides
The stores of all she shows, and all she hides,
If men with fleshy morsels must be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread:
What else is this but to devour our guests,
And barb'rously renew Cyclopean feasts!

We, by destroying life, our life sustain ;
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.

Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove :
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd first our food's simplicity ;
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd,
On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or man invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justify'd by nature's laws,
And self-defence ; but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful pow'r,
But not th' extended licence to devour.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope :
The covetous churl of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd :
Her hunger was no plea ; for that she dy'd.
The goat came next in order, to be try'd :
The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine ;
In vengeance laity and clergy join ;
Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.

Here was at least some shadow of offence :
The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence
But meek, and unresisting innocence ;
A patient, useful creature, born to bear,
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Living, both food and rayment she supplies ;
And is of least advantage when she dies.

How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve ?
O tyrant ! with what justice can'st thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop ;
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with pains, thy else ungrateful field ?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck, with which the surly clods he broke ;
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began !

Nor this alone ; but, Heav'n itself to bribe,
We to the gods our impious acts ascribe ;
First recompence with death their creatures toil ;
Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil :
The fairest victim must the pow'rs appease,
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please !)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flow'ry garlands crown'd, and gilded horns :
He hears the murd'rous pray'r the priest prefers,
But understands not 'tis his doom he hears :
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast,
(The fruit and product of his labours past ;)

And in the water views perhaps the knife
 Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
 Then, broken up alive, his entrails fees
 Torn out, for priests t' inspect the gods decrees.

From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood
 Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
 Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
 Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
 And when you eat the well-deserving beast,
 Think on the lab'rer of your field you feast!

Now, since the god inspires me to proceed,
 Be that, whate'er inspiring pow'r, obey'd.
 For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
 Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
 Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
 Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
 Of shining stars, and travel with the year;
 To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
 Of Atlas, who supports the heav'nly weight;
 To look from upper light, and thence survey
 Mistaken mortals wand'ring from the way;
 And wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
 Of future things, and trembling at their fate!

Those I would teach; and by right reason bring
 To think of death, as but an idle thing.
 Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
 A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?
 Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
 And fables of a world that never was!
 What feels the body when the soul expires,
 By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires?

Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.

Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld,
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former shield.

Then, death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a vary'd vest:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossest,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is tofs'd,
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:
And, as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
This face assumes, and that impression leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same.
So death, so call'd, can but the form deface;
Th' immortal soul flies out in empty space,
To seek her fortune in some other place.

Then let not piety be put to flight,
To please the taste of glutton appetite;
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their seats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.

And since, like Tiphys parting from the shore,
In ample seas I sail, and depths untry'd before,
This let me further add, that nature knows
No steadfast station, but, or ebbs, or flows :
Ever in motion, she destroys her old,
And casts new figures in another mold.
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux, and run
Like rivers from their fountain rolling on ;
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay :
The flying hour is ever on her way.
And as the fountain still supplies her store,
The wave behind impels the wave before :
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on ;
Still moving, ever new : For former things
Are set aside, like abdicated kings ;
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.

Darkness, we see, emerges into light,
And shining suns descend to sable night ;
Ev'n heav'n itself receives another dye,
When weary'd animals in slumbers lie
Of midnight ease ; another when the gray
Of morn preludes the splendor of the day :
The disk of Phoebus when he climbs on high,
Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye ;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the same suffusion red ;
But, mounted high in his meridian race,
All bright he shines, and with a better face ;
For there, pure particles of aether flow,
Far from th' infection of the world below.

Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her waxing or her waning horns :
For ev'ry day she wanes, her face is less,
But gath'ring into globe, she fattens at increase.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they wear ?
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed :
Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be led.
'The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes :
Then laughs the childish year with flourets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around ;
But no substantial nourishment receives ;
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in men, is most replete
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage ;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious gray.

Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face ;
His scalp, if not dishonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare.

Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before, they leave :
Nor are to day what yesterday they were ;
Nor the whole same to morrow will appear.

Time was when we were sow'd, and just began,
 From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a man;
 Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
 Moulded to shape the soft, coagulated mass;
 And when the little man was fully form'd,
 The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd;
 But when the mother's throws begin to come,
 The creature, pent within the narrow room,
 Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
 His stifled breath, and draw the living air:
 Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
 A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
 He next essays to walk, but downward press'd
 On four feet imitates his brother beast;
 By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
 His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
 Then walks alone; a horseman now become,
 He rides a stick, and travels round the room.
 In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
 Strong-bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of years;
 He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
 Maintains the next, abated of his rage;
 But manages his strength, and spares his age. }
 Heavy the third and stiff, he sinks apace,
 And tho' 'tis down hill all, but creeps along the race.
 Now sapless, on the verge of death he stands,
 Contemplating his former feet and hands;
 And Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees, }
 And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear the trees. }
 So Helen wept when her too faithful glass
 Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face.

Wond'ring what charms her ravishers cou'd spy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!

Thy teeth, devouring Time, thine, envious Age,
On things below still exercise your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at lingring meals, the morsels eat.

Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
Nor, to this figure, nor to that are ty'd:
For this eternal world is said of old
But four prolific principles to hold;
Four different bodies; two to heav'n ascend,
And other two down to the center tend;
Fire first with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
Then air, because unclogg'd in empty space,
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth subsides.

All things are mix'd of these, which all contain;
And into these are all resolv'd again;
Earth rarifies to dew, expanded more,
The subtil dew in air begins to soar;
Spreads as she flies, and, weary of her name,
Extenuates still, and changes into flame.
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun;
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air; and air descends to dew:
And dew condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth below.

Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand,

All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd;
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.

Then to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly :
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead, some other bodies make ;
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse :
But death on deathless substance has no force.

That forms are chang'd I grant ; that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began :
The golden age, to silver was debas'd ;
To copper that ; our metal came at last.

The face of places, and their forms decay ;
And that is solid earth, that once was sea :
Seas in their turn retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before ;
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain-ground :
And what were fields before, now, wash'd and worn
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling still descend to level lands ;
And lakes, and trembling bogs are barren sands :
And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown,
Wondring to drink of waters not her own.

Here Nature living fountains ope's ; and there
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were ;
Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring
Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.
So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.

Thus Erasinus dives, and, blind in earth,
 Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth;
 Starts up in Argos meads, and shakes his locks
 Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
 So Myfus by another way is led,
 And, grown a river now, disdains his head:
 Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
 And the proud title of Caicus takes.
 Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
 Runs rapid often, and as often stands;
 And here he threatens the drunken fields to drown;
 And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.

Anigros once did wholesome draughts afford,
 But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd;
 Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,
 The centaurs in his current wash'd their wounds.
 The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
 But, brackish, lose the taste they had before.
 Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in seas were pent,
 Once isles, but now increase the continent;
 While the Leucadian coast, main land before,
 By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.

So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
 And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride;
 Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
 And, in disdain, pour'd in the conqu'ring sea.

Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
 Buris and Helice, no more are found,
 But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk and drown'd;
 And boatmen, through the chrystal water, show
 To wond'ring passengers the walls below.

Near Traezen stands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare :
This once was level ground, but (strange to tell)
Th' included vapours that in caverns dwell,
Lab'ring with colic pangs, and close confin'd,
In vain fought issue for the rumbling wind :
Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still
Inlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill ;
As breath extends a bladder, or the skins
Of goats are blown t' inclose the hoarded wines ;
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.

Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few :
What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd,
Endu'd at seasons, and at seasons lost ?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm.
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a stream, if any try
The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify ;
Whate'er it touches it converts to stones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.

Crathis, and Sybaris her sister-flood,
That slide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber dye the shining hair,
And thither youth resort ; (for who wou'd not be fair ?)

But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,
Some change not only bodies, but the mind :
Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
Whose waters into women soften men ?

Or Æthiopian lakes which turn the brain
To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain?
Clytorian streams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abstemious well;)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken god;
Or that Melampus, (so have some assur'd)
When the mad Proetides with charms he cur'd,
And pow'rful herbs, both charms and simples cast
Into th' sober spring, where still their virtues last.

Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate use,
Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight;
His heels too heavy, and his head too light;
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects as in the name)
By day is wholesome bev'rage, but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.

Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,
Now of these virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea:
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd
Betwixt their streights, and their collision fear'd;
They swam where now they sit; and firmly join'd,
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.
Nor Ætna, vomiting sulphureous fire,
Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire,
(The veins exhausted of the liquid store:)
Time was she cast no flames; in time will cast no more.

For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,

And what she sucks remits ; she still requires
 Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires :
 When, tortur'd with convulsive fits, she shakes,
 That motion choaks the vent, till other vent she makes :
 Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
 And subtil spirits find that way oppos'd,
 'They toss up flints in air ; the flints that hide
 The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
 Kindling the sulphur, till, the fuel spent,
 The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent :
 Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on
 Its unctuous parts, till, all the matter gone,
 The flames no more ascend ; for earth supplies
 The fat that feeds them ; and when earth denies
 That food, by length of time consum'd, the fire,
 Famish'd for want of fuel, must expire.

A race of men there are, as Fame has told,
 Who, shiv'ring, suffer Hyperborean cold,
 Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
 Soft feathers, to defend their naked sides, they take.
 'Tis said the Scythian wives (believe who will)
 Transform themselves to birds by magic skill ;
 Smear'd over with an oil of wond'rous might,
 That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

But this by sure experiment we know,
 That living creatures from corruption grow :
 Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
 Bees from his putrid bowels will appear ;
 Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
 Their honey-harvest home, and hope another spring.
 The warlike steed is multiply'd, we find,
 To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.

Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide,
And shoot his sting; his tail in circles tofs'd,
Refers the limbs his backward father lost.
And worms, that stretch on leaves their filmy loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
Ev'n slime begets the frogs loquacious race;
Short of their feet at first, in little space,
With arms and legs endu'd, long leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
And waves repel: For Nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.

The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear:
Their mothers licks 'em into shape, and gives
As much of form as she herself receives.

The grubs, from their sexangular abode,
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood;
Trunks without limbs; till time at leisure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.

The bird who draws the carr of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove;
And all the feather'd kind, who cou'd suppose
(But that from sight, the surest sense, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white arose?

There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.

All these receive their birth from other things ;
But from himself the phoenix only springs :
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same ;
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains ;
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He, (his five centuries of life fulfill'd),
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm ; and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers ; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round ; then with the spoil
Of casia, cinnamon, and stems of nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his fun'ral bed is rear'd ;
Fun'ral and bridal both ; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd ;
On this incumbent, till aetherial flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame ;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies :
He liv'd on odours, and on odours dies.

An infant-phoenix from the former springs
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust ; his method he pursues ;
And the same lease of life, on the same terms, renews.
When grown to manhood, he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulcher before,
And his own cradle : This, with pious care,
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxome air,

Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

A wonder more amazing wou'd we find?

Th' Hyaena shows it, of a double kind,
Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.

The thin Camelion, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.

India when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring god,
For planted vines, the sharp-ey'd lynx bestow'd;
Whose urine shed, before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral soft, and white in Ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.

All changing species should my song recite,
Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the day to night.
Nations and empires flourish, and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.

Thus Troy for ten long years her foes withstood,
And, daily bleeding, bore th' expence of blood:
Now for thick streets it shows an empty space,
Or only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
Herself becomes the sepulcher of what she was.

Mycene, Sparta, Thebes, of mighty fame,
Are vanish'd out of substance into name.
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise
On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the skies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way,
Ev'n now she meditates imperial sway:

Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
 Like moons new-born, and in her cradle strives
 To fill her infant-horns; an hour shall come
 When the round world shall be contain'd in Rome.

For thus old saws foretel, and Helenus
 Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus :
 When Ilium now was in a sinking state;
 And he was doubtful of his future fate:
 O goddess born, with thy hard fortune strive,
 Troy never can be lost, and thou alive!
 Thy passage thou shalt free through fire and sword,
 And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.
 In happier fields a rising town I see,
 Greater than whate'er was, or is, or e'er shall be:
 And Heav'n yet owes the world a race deriv'd from
 thee.

Sages, and chiefs of other lineage born,
 The city shall extend, extended shall adorn:
 But from Iulus he must draw his breath,
 By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth:
 Whom Heav'n will lend mankind on earth to reign,
 And late require the precious pledge again.
 This Helenus to great Æneas told,
 Which I retain, e'er since in other mould
 My soul was cloth'd; and now rejoice to view
 My country-walls rebuilt, and 'Troy reviv'd anew;
 Rais'd by the fall; decreed by loss to gain;
 Enslav'd but to be free; and conquer'd but to reign.

'Tis time my hard-mouth'd coursers to controul,
 Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal:
 And therefore I conclude, whatever lies,
 In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,

All suffer change; and we, that are of soul
 And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
 Then, when our fires, or grandsires, shall forsake
 The forms of men, and brutal figures take;
 Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
 Nor violate thy father in the beast,
 Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
 If none of these, yet there's a man within:
 O spare to make a Thyestæan meal,
 T' inclose his body, and his soul expel.

Ill customs by degrees to habits rise;
 Ill habits soon become exalted vice.
 What more advance can mortals make in sin
 So near perfection, who with blood begin?
 Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
 Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
 Deaf to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies,
 All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
 And imitates in vain thy children's cries. }
 Where will he stop, who feeds with household bread,
 Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
 Let plough thy steers; that, when they lose their breath,
 To nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
 Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
 And sheep from winter-cold thy sides defend;
 But neither sprindges, nets, nor snares employ,
 And be no more ingenious to destroy.
 Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
 Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
 Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
 Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:

Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.

'Take not away the life you cannot give;
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save;
'This only just prerogative we have :
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.

These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own ;
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, sent by Heav'n to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace ;
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Gives laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain :
Himself a saint, a goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

THE
C H A R A C T E R
O F A
G O O D P A R S O N ;

Imitated from

C H A U C E R,

And Enlarged.

A Parish-priest, was of the pilgrim-train ;
An awful, reverend, and religious man ;
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace ;
And charity itself was in his face :
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor ;
(As God had cloth'd his own embassador ;)
For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seem'd ; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast ;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense ;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere ;
Nothing reserv'd or fullen was to see ;
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity :
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
Tho' harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd :

For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky :
And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears :
(A music more melodious than the spheres.)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre ; and after him, he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look :
But sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all he spoke.
He preach'd the joys of heav'n, and pains of hell ;
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal ;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law :
And forc'd himself to drive ; but lov'd to draw :
For fear but freezes minds ; but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrap'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd ;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous cloak away.

Lightnings and thunder (Heav'n's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly :
Those but proclaim his stile, and disappear ;
The stiller sound succeeds ; and God is there.

The tythes, his parish freely paid, he took ;
But never su'd, or curs'd with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong ; but off'ring none :
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country-churles, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his off'rings, pinch'd the more ;
And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.

Yet, of his little, he had some to spare
 To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:
 For mortify'd he was, to that degree,
 A poorer than himself he wou'd not see.
 True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
 Were only stewards of their Sovereign Lord;
 Nothing was theirs; but all the public store,
 Intrusted riches to relieve the poor:
 Who, shou'd they steal, for want of his relief,
 He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish; not contracted close
 In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
 Yet still he was at hand, without request,
 To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd:
 Tempting, on foot alone, without affright,
 The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this the good old man perform'd alone,
 Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none:
 Nor durst he trust another with his care;
 Nor rode himself to Paul's the public fair,
 To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
 Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold;
 But duly watch'd his flock by night and day;
 And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey;
 And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tam'd; the penitent he chear'd:
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
 (A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
 For this by rules severe his life he squar'd;
 That all might see the doctrine which they heard.

For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest;
 (The gold of heav'n, who bear the God impress'd :)
 But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
 The Sovereign's image is no longer seen.
 If they be foul on whom the people trust,
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate for his holy life he priz'd;
 The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
 His Saviour came not with a gawdy show;
 Nor was his kingdom of the world below :
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
 These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
 And living taught, and dying left behind. }
 The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn :
 In purple he was crucify'd, not born.
 They who contend for place and high degree,
 Are not his sons, but those of Zebadee.

Not but he knew the signs of earthly pow'r
 Might well become St Peter's successor :
 The holy father holds a double reign;
 The prince may keep his pomp; the fisher must be plain.

Such was the faint, who shone with every grace;
 Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
 God saw his image lively was express'd,
 And his own work as in creation blest'd.

The tempter saw him too with envious eye,
 And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
 He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
 And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
 This prince, tho' great in arms, the priest withstood :
 Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.

Had Richard unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne :
A king can give no more than is his own :
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.

}

Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted ; none the battle try'd.
The senseless plea of right by providence,
Was, by a flatt'ring priest, invented since :
And lasts no longer than the present sway ;
But justifies the next who comes in play.

The people's right remains ; let those who dare
Dispute their pow'r, when they the judges are.

He join'd not in their choice ; because he knew
Worse might, and often did from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought ; but little spoke :
And, undpriv'd, his benefice forsook.

Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd :
And like a primitive Apostle preach'd.
Still chearful ; ever constant to his call ;
By many follow'd ; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd ;
And gave the charities himself receiv'd :
Gave, while he taught ; and edify'd the more,
Because he shew'd by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

He went not, with the crowd, to see a shrine ;
But fed us by the way, with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To shew you what the rest in orders were :
This brilliant, is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil ; but shines by his own proper light.

THE
MONUMENT
OF A

FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

Who died at BATH, and is there interred.

BELOW this marble monument is laid
All that Heav'n wants of this celestial maid.
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd :
The mold was made on purpose for the mind :
And she wou'd lose, if, at the latter day,
One atom cou'd be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace,
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul,
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd :
Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light ;
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.
Each thought was visible that roll'd within ;
As through a crystal case, the figur'd hours are seen.
And heav'n did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-faint, she sought the skies :
For marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dies.

High tho' her wit, yet humble was her mind ;
As if she cou'd not, or she wou'd not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of heav'n below,
'That, when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know,
But only to refresh the former hint ;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r.
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
'Twas wond'rous how she found an hour to pray.
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion cou'd but curl, not discompose.
A female softness, with a manly mind :
A daughter dutious, and a sister kind :
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

C Y M O N

A N D

I P H I G E N I A;

F R O M

B O C C A C C E.

Poeta loquitur.

O L D as I am, for ladies love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet, [wit. }
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my }
If love be folly, the severe divine }
Has felt that folly, tho' he censures mine; }
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace, }
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace }
With riotous excess, a priestly race : }
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He shew'd the way, perverting first my sense :
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal ;
Ill sutes his cloth the praise of railing well !
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Tho' now arraign'd, he read with some delight ;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain :
And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double meanings of the stage.

What needs he paraphrase on what we mean ?
 We were at worst but wanton ; he's obscene.
 I, nor my fellows, nor myself excuse ;
 But love's the subject of the comic Muse :
 Nor can we write without it, nor would you
 A tale of only dry instruction view ;
 Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
 But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind.
 Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
 And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
 Love, studious how to please, improves our parts,
 With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
 Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
 The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime ;
 To lib'ral acts inlarg'd the narrow-soul'd :
 Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold :
 The world when waste, he peopled with increase,
 And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
 Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
 In this one legend, to their fame design'd, [mind.
 When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the

IN that sweet isle, where Venus keeps her court,
 And ev'ry Grace, and all the Loves resort;
 Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
 And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
 There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the rest,
 Wise, wealthy, with a num'rous issue blest.

But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
 Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
 His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
 Excell'd the rest in shape, and outward shew;
 Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
 But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind:
 His soul bely'd the features of his face;
 Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.

A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
 And stupid eyes, that ever lov'd the ground.

He look'd like Nature's error, as the mind
 And body were not of a piece design'd,
 But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd. }

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
 Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
 The more inform'd, the less he understood,
 And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.
 Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
 The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
 And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute,
 So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labour lost,
 And care employ'd, that answer'd not the cost,
 Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
 And loath'd to see what nature made him love;

So to his country-farm the fool confin'd;
 Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
 Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
 A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banishment.
 His corn, and cattle, were his only care,
 And his supreme delight a country-fare.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
 That to the greenwood-shade he took his way; [pray. }
 For Cymon shun'd the church, and us'd not much to
 His quarter-staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
 Hung half before, and half behind his back.
 He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
 The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
 Where in a plain, defended by the wood,
 Crept through the matted glass a chrystal flood, }
 By which an alabaster fountain stood;
 And on the margin of the fount was laid
 (Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
 Like Dian, and her nymphs, when tir'd with sport,
 To rest by cool Eurotas they resort;
 The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
 Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
 Than by the charming features of her face,
 And ev'n in slumber a superior grace: .
 Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
 Her body shaded with a slight cymarr; }
 Her bosom to the view was only bare:
 Where two beginning paps were scarcely spy'd,
 For yet their places were but signify'd;

The fanning wind upon her bosom blows ;
 To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose ; [repose.
 The fanning wind, and purling streams continue her }
 The fool of nature, stood with stupid eyes,
 And gaping mouth, that testify'd surprize,
 Fix'd on her face, nor cou'd remove his sight,
 New as he was to love, and novice in delight ;
 Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
 His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh ;
 Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
 First found his want of words, and fear'd offence.
 Doubted for what he was he should be known,
 By his clown-accent, and his country tone.

Through the rude chaos thus the running light
 Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night ;
 Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd :
 Till gather'd in a globe, the beams were fix'd.
 Last shone the sun, who radiant in his sphere,
 Illumin'd heav'n, and earth, and roll'd around the year.
 So reason in his brutal soul began ;
 Love made him first suspect he was a man ;
 Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound ;
 By love his want of words, and wit he found.
 That sense of want prepar'd the future way
 To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
 Cou'd plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
 The best instructor love at once inspir'd ;
 As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd :
 Love taught him shame, and shame with love at strife,
 Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.

His gross material soul at once could find
 Somewhat in her excelling all her kind;
 Exciting a desire till then unknown,
 Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
 This made the first impression in his mind,
 Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
 For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
 Nor their own liking by reflection know;
 Nor why they like, or this or t' other face,
 Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
 But love in gross, and stupidly admire,
 As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
 Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
 First likes the whole, then sep'rates what he sees;
 On sev'ral parts a sev'ral praise bestows,
 The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
 The snowy skin, the raven-glossy hair,
 The dimpled cheek, the forehead rising fair,
 And ev'n in sleep itself a smiling air. }
 From thence, his eyes descending, view'd the rest,
 Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breast.
 Long on the last he dwelt, though ev'ry part
 A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
 (A judge erected from a country-clown);
 He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
 And wish'd his own cou'd pierce within the lid:
 He wou'd have wak'd her, but restrain'd his thought;
 And love, new-born, the first good manners taught.
 An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
 Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood;

For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
 Excelling all the rest of human race :
 And things divine, by common sense he knew,
 Must be devoutly seen at distant view.
 So checking his desire, with trembling heart,
 Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart ;
 Fix'd as a pilgrim, wilder'd in his way,
 Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
 But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day. }

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair,
 (So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care,)
 Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
 While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.

The slaver's cudden, prop'd upon his staff,
 Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
 To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
 To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
 Then she : What make you, Cymon, here alone ?
 (For Cymon's name was round the country known.
 Because descended of a noble race,
 And for a soul ill sorted with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
 With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
 And in his breast receiv'd th' invenom'd dart ;
 A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart :
 But, conscious of her form, with quick distrust
 She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust :
 This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
 And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
 With proffer'd service to the parting maid,

To see her safe : His hand she long deny'd ;
 But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
 So Cymon led her home ; and leaving there,
 No more wou'd to his country clowns repair ;
 But sought his father's house with better mind,
 Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
 And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn ;
 But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
 To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
 Nor was he long delay'd ; the first request
 He made, was, like his brothers to be dress'd,
 And as his birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his fire,
 Distinguishing his heir by rich attire :
 His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
 With lib'ral arts to cultivate his mind :
 He sought a tutor of his own accord,
 And study'd lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so fast,
 That in short time his equals he surpass'd :
 His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
 His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd ;
 In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd,
 He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd,
 Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please :
 He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease ;
 More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
 Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
 But that the fire which, choak'd in ashes, lay

A load too heavy for his soul to move,
 Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by love ?
 Love made an active progress through his mind ;
 The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd ;
 The drowsy wak'd ; and, as he went, impress'd
 The Maker's image on the human beast.
 Thus was the man amended by desire ;
 And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
 His father all his faults with reason scan'd,
 And lik'd an error of the better hand ;
 Excus'd th' excess of passion in his mind,
 By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd :
 So Cymon, since his fire indulg'd his will,
 Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still ;
 Galeus he disown'd, and chose to bear
 The name of fool confirm'd, and bishop'd by the fair.
 To Cipseus, by his friends, his suit he mov'd,
 Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd ;
 But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
 While Cymon was endeavoring to be wise ;
 And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
 Had giv'n her faith to wed a foreign spouse :
 Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
 Though both repenting, were by promise bound ;
 Nor could retract : And thus, as Fate decreed,
 Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.
 The doom was pass'd ; the ship already sent,
 Did all his tardy diligence prevent :
 Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid ;
 While stormy Cymon thus in secret said :
 The time is come for Iphigene to find
 The miracle she wrought upon my mind :

Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love,
 In rank shall place me with the blest above.
 For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
 Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.

Resolv'd he said : And rigg'd with speedy care,
 A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war :
 The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd,
 And, bent to die or conquer, went on board.
 Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
 Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore ;
 Nor long expected, for the following tide
 Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
 When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
 And stopp'd her flight : Then, standing on his prow
 In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe :
 Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
 To prove the last extremities of war.

Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide ;
 Already were the vessels side by side,
 These obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride.
 But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
 Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd, [pass'd.
 And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press he
 Fierce was the fight, but, hast'ning to his prey,
 By force the furious lover freed his way :
 Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew ;
 The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew ;
 Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd ;
 He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.

His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
 And cast their weapon's at the victor's feet.

Whom thus he chear'd : O Rhodian youth, I fought
 For love alone, nor other booty fought ;
 Your lives are safe ; your vessel I resign ;
 Yours be your own, restoring what is mine :
 In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
 Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you :
 Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
 The parent could not sell the daughter's love ;
 Or, if he cou'd, my love disdains the laws,
 And like a king by conquest gains his cause :
 Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain ;
 Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain.
 You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
 And at an easy ransom buy your peace.

Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd th' accord,
 And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd.
 While to his arms the blushing bride he took ;
 To seeming sadness she compos'd her look ;
 As if by force subjected to his will,
 Tho' pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
 And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
 And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears ;
 For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
 Your love much better, whom so long I serv'd,
 Than he to whom your formal father ty'd
 Your vows ; and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
 Thus while he spoke he seiz'd the willing prey,
 As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away :
 Faintly she scream'd ; and ev'n her eyes confess'd
 She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.

Who now exults but Cymon in his mind ;
 Vain hopes, and empty joys of human kind,
 Proud of the present, to the future blind !

}

Secure of fate while Cymon ploughs the sea,
 And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
 Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
 When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
 The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
 Forfake by fits, and fill the flagging sails:
 Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
 And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
 But all at once; at once the winds arise,
 The thunders roul, the fork'd lightning flies:
 In vain the master issues out commands,
 In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
 The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
 And from the first they labour in despair.
 The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides,
 Forc'd back and forwards, in a circle rides,
 Stunn'd with the diff'rent blows; then shoots amain,
 Till counterbuff'd she stops, and sleeps again.
 Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
 Plung'd from the height of heav'n to deepest hell,
 Than stood the lover of his love possess'd;
 Now curs'd, the more, the more he had been blest:
 More anxious for her danger than his own,
 Death he defies; but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
 Adds pious pray'rs, and wearies all the saints;
 Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent,
 But since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
 Her forfeit faith, and P'asimond betray'd,
 Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
 She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
 Augments her anger as her fears increase:

From her own back the burden would remove,
 And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
 Which interposing durst in Heav'n's despight
 Invade, and violate another's right :
 The pow'rs incens'd a while deferr'd his pain,
 And made him master of his vows in vain :
 But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride ;
 That for his daring enterprize she dy'd,
 Who rather not resisted, than comply'd.

Then impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
 She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence ;
 Sex to the last : Mean time, with sails declin'd,
 The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind :
 Toss'd, and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow ;
 Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
 But ev'ry moment wait the coming blow.
 Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking day they view'd
 The land before 'em, and their fears renew'd ;
 The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
 The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near ; to this they bent,
 And just escap'd ; their force already spent :
 Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
 The land unknown at leisure they survey ;
 And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
 The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view ;
 And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
 Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.

The frighted sailors try'd their strength in vain
 To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main ;
 But the stiff wind withstood the lab'ring oar,
 And forc'd them forward on the fatal shoar !

The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
 And the ship moor'd, constrains the crew to land;
 Yet still they might be safe because unknown,
 But as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
 The vessel they dismiss'd was driv'n before,
 Already shelter'd on their native shore;
 Known each, they know: But each with change of cheer;
 The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear;
 Not them but theirs, made pris'ners e'er they fight,
 Despairing conquests, and depriv'd of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
 And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
 Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expence,
 In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
 Stout once a month they march, a blust'ring band,
 And ever, but in times of need, at hand:
 This was the morn when issuing on the guard,
 Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
 Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
 Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
 Themselves so many, and their foes so few;
 But crowding on, the last the first impel;
 Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell.
 Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun,
 And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
 Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast:
 His life was only spar'd at their request,
 Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:
 But Iphigenia was the ladies care;
 Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;
 While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
 But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
 So passive is the church of womankind.
 What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
 Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
 It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
 Or raise him upward to his former height;
 The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
 Prepar'd th' amends for what by love he lost.

The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
 Though younger, yet for courage early known;
 Ormisda call'd; to whom, by promise-ty'd,
 A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride:
 Cassandra was her name; above the rest
 Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply blest.
 Lyfimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
 Was then by choice their annual magistrate;
 He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
 But Fortune had not favour'd his desire;
 Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
 Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda lov'd.
 So stood th' affair: Some little hope remain'd,
 That, should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Mean time young Pasimond his marriage press'd;
 Ordain'd the nuptial-day, prepar'd the feast;
 And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
 Which would be double should he wed alone)
 To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lyfimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
 Receiv'd the news, and study'd quick relief.
 The fatal day approach'd: If force were us'd,
 The magistrate his public trust abus'd;

To justice liable, as law requir'd ;
 For when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd :
 While pow'r remain'd, the means were in his hand,
 By force to seize, and then forsake the land.
 Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move;
 A slave to Fame, but more a slave to Love :
 Restraining others, yet himself not free ;
 Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity !
 Both sides he weigh'd ; but, after much debate,
 The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds ;
 But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds ;
 The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
 This youth, proposing to possess and 'scape,
 Began in murder, to conclude in rape.
 Unprais'd by me, though Heav'n sometimes may bless
 An impious act with undeserv'd success :
 The great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
 To punish all injustice but their own.
 But here I stop, not daring to proceed ;
 Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed ;
 For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on force, his wit the praetor bent,
 To find the means that might secure th' event :
 Not long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
 In captive Cymon found the friend he sought ;
 Th' example pleas'd : The cause and crime the same ;
 An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.
 How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd :
 The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
 To menage loathsome life, when love was the reward.

This ponder'd well, and, fix'd on his intent,
 In depth of night he for the pris'ner sent;
 In secret sent, the public view to shun,
 Then with a sober smile he thus begun:
 The pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
 Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
 Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
 To such as are not worthy to receive:
 For valour and for virtue they provide
 Their due reward, but first they must be try'd:
 These fruitless seeds within your mind they sow'd;
 'Twas yours t' improve the talent they bestow'd;
 They gave you to be born of noble kind;
 They gave you love, to lighten up your mind,
 And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care
 To please, and courage to deserve the fair.

Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they found
 The grain intrusted in a grateful ground:
 But still the great experiment remain'd;
 They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd;
 That you might learn the gift was theirs alone,
 And, when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
 Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,
 The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd:
 Be but yourself; the care to me resign;
 Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
 Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
 Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife;
 But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
 And love our fortunes in one band has join'd;
 Two brothers are our foes; Ormisdä mine,
 As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine.

To-morrow must their common vows be ty'd :
 With love to friend and fortune for our guide ;
 Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead ;
 'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed.

Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight ;
 And let the losers talk in vain of right :

We with the fair will fail before the wind ;

If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.

Speak thy resolves ; if now thy courage droop,

Despair in prison, and abandon hope :

But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,

(For liberty without thy love were vain ;)

Then second my design to seize the prey ;

Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the way.

Said Cymon overjoy'd : Do thou propose
 The means to fight, and only show the foes ;
 For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
 Resolv'd, I left the care of life behind.

To this the bold Lyfimachus reply'd,
 Let Heav'n be neuter, and the sword decide :

The spousals are prepar'd, already play

The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day :

By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dress'd ;

All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,

All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.

Unbidden though I am, I will be there,

And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.

Now hear the rest : When day resigns the light,
 And chearful torches gild the jolly night,
 Be ready at my call ; my chosen few,
 With arms administer'd, shall aid thy crew.

Then entring unexpected will we seize
 Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease;
 By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight;
 And hast'ning to the seas suborn our flight:
 The seas are ours, for I command the fort,
 A ship well mann'd expects us in the port:
 If they, or if their friends the prize contest,
 Death shall attend the man who dares resist.

It pleas'd: The pris'ner to his hold retir'd;
 His troop with equal emulation fir'd;
 All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.

The sun arose; the streets were throng'd around,
 The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd;
 The double bridegroom at the door attends,
 Th' expected spouse, and entertains the friends:
 They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
 The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke:
 This done they feast, and at the close of night
 By kindled torches vary their delight,
 These lead the lively dance, and those the brimming
 bowls invite.

Now at th' appointed place and hour assign'd,
 With souls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd.
 Three bands are form'd, the first is sent before
 To favour the retreat, and guard the shore.
 The second at the palace-gate is plac'd,
 And up the lofty stairs ascend the last.

A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
 But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
 And find the feast renew'd, the table spread:

Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
 Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
 When like the harpies rushing through the hall,
 The sudden troop appears, the tables fall;
 Their smoaking load is on the pavement thrown;
 Each ravisher prepares to seize his own:
 The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
 Shriek out for aid; confusion fills the place:
 Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
 Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.

But late is all defence, and succour vain;
 The rape is made, the ravishers remain:
 Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
 To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore.
 The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
 With forward faces not confessing fear:
 Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend,
 Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce Pasimond their passage to prevent,
 Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent,
 The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent:
 Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
 His rival's head with one descending blow:
 And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
 He turn'd the point: The sword inur'd to blood,
 Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple
 flood.

With vow'd revenge the gath'ring crowd pursues,
 The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
 The hall is heap'd with corps; the sprinkled gore
 Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.

Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies;
 The victors to their vessel bear the prize;
 And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable cries.

The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
 Then ply their oars, and brush the buxome sea,
 While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.
 What should the people do, when left alone?

The governor, and government are gone.

The publick wealth to foreign parts convey'd;

Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.

Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;

Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store;

They neither could defend, nor can pursue,

But grind their teeth, and cast a helpless view.

In vain with darts a distant war they try;

Short, and more short the missive weapons fly.

Mean while the ravishers their crimes enjoy,

And flying sails, and sweeping oars employ;

The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost;

Jove's isle they seek; nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,

With generous wines their spirits they restore;

There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides;

Both court and wed at once the willing brides.

A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,

Stiff to defend their hospitable laws:

Both parties lose by turns, and neither wins,

'Till peace propounded by a truce begins.

The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,

But a short exile must for show precede;

The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;

And happy each at home, enjoys his love.

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 The victors to their vessel bear the prize;
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 The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
 Then ply their oars, and bridle the buxome sea.
 While troops of galleys Rhodians crowd the bay.
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 But grind their teeth, and cast a helpless view
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 Mean while the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
 And lying sells, and sweeping out employ;
 The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost;
 Jove's ill they seek: not Jove denies his cost.
 In haste landed on the Candian shore,
 With generous minds their spirits they restore;
 There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides;
 Born court and wed at once the willing brides.
 A war ensues, the Greeks own their cause,
 Still to defend their hospitable laws:
 Both parties lose by turns, and neither wins,
 Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
 The kindness of the king forgive the feud,
 But a short exile must for now pursue;
 The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
 And happy each at home, enjoys his love.

Dryden, John, 1631-1700

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